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National Anti-Slavery Standard

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

SOUTH CAROLINA LOYALTY.

A "UNION" SPEECH FROM PROVISIONAL-GOVERNOR PERRY.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION AT GREENVILLE, S. C.

MR. CHAIRMAN: This public meeting of the citizens of Greenville is one of deep humiliation and sorrow. A cruel and bloody war has swept over the Southern States. One hundred and fifty thousand of our bravest and most gallant men have fallen on the fields of battle. The land is filled with mourning widows and orphans. There is scarcely a house in which there has not been weeping for some loved one lost. Three thousand millions of dollars have been spent by the Southern States in carrying on this war. And now we are called upon to give up four millions of slaves, worth two thousand millions of dollars more. Our country has been ravaged and desolated. Our cities, towns, and villages are smouldering ruins. Conquering armies occupy the country. The Confederacy has fallen, and we have been deprived of all civil government and political rights. We have neither law nor order. There is no protection for life, liberty, or property. Everywhere there is demoralization, rapine, and murder. Hunger and starvation are upon us. And now we meet as a disgraced and subjugated people to petition the conqueror to restore our lost rights. Such are the bitter fruits of Secession!

WHY THE SOUTH FAILED.

How was it, Mr. Chairman, that the Southern States failed in their rebellion? It is true the contest was a most unequal one, 8,000,000 of persons fighting against 22,000,000! The one having neither government, army, navy, or manufactures; and the other having all these, with an influx of foreigners and Southern negroes to increase their strength. The Southern people are an impulsive, enthusiastic people, but they want the energy and perseverance of the North. I said to my friends at the beginning of this war that my greatest apprehension was that our soldiers would get tired of the war and quit it. I did not believe it possible to hold in subjection 8,000,000 of people, scattered over such an immense territory as composed the Southern States, if they were disposed to make any and every sacrifice, as the Dutch Republic did in their war of independence. But, sir, the great cause of our failure was that the heart of the Southern people never was in this revolution! There was not a State, except South Carolina, in which there was a majority in favor of Secession! Even in South Carolina there were many districts in which one-half of the voters did not go to the polls.

THE GOVERNOR FEELS DEGRADED BY COMING BACK.

Mr. Chairman, I will here frankly say, as I have often said during the past four years, that there was not a man in the United States who more deeply regretted the Secession of the Southern States than I did at the beginning of the revolution; and there is not now in the Southern States any one who feels more bitterly the humiliation and degradation of going back into the Union than I do. Still, I know that we shall be more prosperous and happy in the Union than out of it.

JEFF. NOT TO BLAME.

It has been too common, Mr. Chairman, to attribute the failure of this great revolution to the President of the late Confederacy. This sir, is a mistake. The people were themselves to blame for its failure. They were unwilling to make those sacrifices which were essential to its success. Many who were most prominent in the movement never did anything for it after the war commenced. Instead of seeking their proper position, in front of the battle, they sought "bomb-proofs" for themselves and their sons. There were others who got into "soft places" and "official positions," where they could speculate and make fortunes in government funds.

In fact, toward the latter part of the war, it seemed that every one was trying to keep out of the army, and was willing to pay anything, and make any sacrifice to do so. When Gen. Johnston surrendered his army, he had on his muster roll 70,000 men, but only 14,000 to be carried into battle! Gen. Lee's army was in the same condition. Where were the absentees? At home, on furlough, staying over their furloughs, deserted and straggling! At no time during the last three years of the war was there more than one-third of the army ready to march into battle! How was it possible for the Southern people to succeed, acting thus?

THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS CULPABLE.

Congress, too, Mr. Chairman, is greatly to blame for their exemptions. All between the ages of 18 and 45 should have been forced into the army and kept there. It mattered not whether he was a doctor, lawyer, preacher, politician, editor, or schoolteacher, if an able-bodied man, he should have been sent to the army. But, strange to say, the three classes of men who were mainly instrumental in plunging their country into this mad revolution, were all exempted by Congress from fighting! I allude to the politicians, newspaper editors, and preachers of the Gospel. This was not fair. The man who gets up a fight should always take his share of it.

MR. LINCOLN NO GREAT LOSS TO THE SOUTH.

It has been said, and repeated all over the Southern States, that the South has sustained a great loss in the death of President Lincoln. I do not think so. President Johnson is a much abler and firmer man than Lincoln was. *He is in every way more acceptable to the South.* In the first place he is a Southern man, and Lincoln was a Northern man. He is a Democrat, and Lincoln was a Whig and Republican. President Johnson was a slaveholder, well acquainted with the institution, and knows what is proper to be done in the great change which is taking place. President Lincoln was wholly unacquainted with slavery and Southern institutions. President Johnson is a man of iron will and nerve, like Andrew Jackson, and will adhere to his principles and political faith.

On the other hand, President Lincoln showed himself to be nothing more than clay in the hands of the potter, ready to change his measures and principles at the bidding of his party. President Johnson has filled all the highest and most honorable offices in the State of Tennessee, with great ability and satisfaction to the people. There is no stain or blot on his private character. *The ablest speech ever delivered in the Senate of the United States, on the issues between the North and South, was made by President Johnson. He voted for Breckinridge in the Presidential canvass of* 1860. Judging, then, from his antecedents, the South should have every hope and confidence in him.

A LOOK AHEAD.

Mr. Chairman, the future, to my mind, is not so gloomy as some would have us believe. I have no doubt that in ten years the Southern States will be happy and prosperous again, and we shall find that the loss of slavery will be no loss at all to our real comfort and satisfaction. The planter and farmer will find that his net profits are greater with hired labor than with slave labor. Every landholder can rent his farm or plantation for one-third of the gross products. This is more than he now makes net, after subsisting his slaves. *In truth, very few farmers in this region of country make anything except by the increase of his slaves. These are divided out among his children at his death, and they pursue the same course of toiling and struggling through life to raise negroes for their children.* And thus the system goes on, *ad infinitum*, without profit or remuneration. The lands are worn out, and the country remains unimproved. If a planter or farmer is enabled to save anything, after supporting his establishment, it is invested in the purchase of more slaves. Hence, increased wealth adds nothing to the enjoyment of life, or to the improvement of the country.

FREEDOM A CURSE TO THE BLACKS.

The idleness and vagrancy of the negro, in a free State, may be a nuisance to society. It must be corrected in the best way we can. I have no doubt, in nine cases out of ten, freedom will prove a curse instead of a blessing to the negro. No one should turn off his negroes, if they are willing to remain with him for their victuals and clothes, and work as they have heretofore done. They have no agency in bringing about the change which has taken place, and we should feel no ill will towards them on that account.

GLAD THE WAR IS OVER.

Mr. Chairman, as much as we feel the humiliation and degradation of our present situation, and deeply lament the losses which have befallen the Southern States, yet we should be happy that this cruel and bloody war is over, and that peace is once more restored to our country. This is a great consolation amid our wants, distresses, and humiliation. The husband will no longer have to leave his wife and children; the father and mother will not be called upon any more to give up their sons as victims to the war. It is to be hoped that in a very short time civil government will be restored in South Carolina; that law once more will reign supreme over the State, and that life, liberty, and property will be protected everywhere, as they heretofore have been.

TRAITORS AND TREASON.

The resolutions submitted to this meeting express a hope, on the part of the people of Greenville, that the President will enlarge his amnesty proclamation, and grant a pardon to all who are liable to prosecution. The secession of the Southern States was far greater, and very different from a rebellion proper. It was organized by constitutional sovereign States, acting in their sovereign capacity, and not by unauthorized assemblages of citizens. Treason may be committed against the State of South Carolina, as well as against the United States. After South Carolina left the Union all her citizens were liable as traitors, in the State Courts, who took sides with the United States and fought against her. If they were liable to be punished as traitors in the United States Courts, for taking sides with the State, then all were traitors and liable to be executed as traitors, whether they fought for or served the one or the other Government. This would, indeed, be a most cruel and lamentable condition. Death was their portion, act as they might. To stand neutral they could not, and to choose between the State and the United States was death. Surely a principle so monstrous and absurd cannot be enforced. There were thousands and hundreds of thousands in the Southern States who deeply regretted the secesssion of their States, but after the State had seceded, felt that their first allegiance was due the State.

NOT A REBELLION.

But, Mr. Chairman, the secession of eleven or twelve sovereign States, composing one-half of the territory of the United States, was something more than a Rebellion. It was legitimate war between the two sections, and they acted towards each other throughout the war as recognized belligerents, and were so treated and recognized by foreign nations. Prisoners were exchanged between the two belligerents, and none were treated as traitors during the whole of the four years' war. Hundreds of thousands of prisoners were thus exchanged. The highest generals, as well as the humblest privates, were treated as captured soldiers by both Governments, and exchanged. Surely a general officer who has been exchanged while this gigantic war was waging cannot now be demanded as a traitor, tried and executed as a traitor.

There have been few national wars in Europe in which greater armies were carried into service and on the field of battle. To call such a war a Rebellion simply is a misapplication of terms. *The greatest and best men of the Southern States were most conscientiously leading this war, either in the council or on the field of battle.*

LEE RANKS NEXT TO WASHINGTON.

In all history there is not a more perfect model of a *pure and great man (save Washington) than Gen. Lee.* That he should now be hanged as a traitor would be an act of national infamy that would shock the whole civilized world, and render the name of the United States odious in history.

HEROISM OF THE SOUTH.

While I do not think, Mr. Chairman, that the whole people of the Southern States have behaved well in this war, and done their duty at home and on the field of battle, *yet there is a very large proportion of them who have won immortal honors, and whose glory in war and wisdom in council will illustrate many a bright page in history.* They have been unsuccessful in their revolution, but this should not, and does not, detract from their heroic gallantry on the field of battle, or their statesmanship in the cabinet or halls of legislation. They will be remembered and honored as heroes and patriots, not only at the South, but in the North, too, as soon as passion subsides, and sober reason and calm reflection assume their sway over the public mind.

WHAT THE SOUTH CANNOT FORGET.

I cannot and would not, Mr. Chairman, ask my fellow-citizens to forget the past in this war so far as the North is concerned. There have been deeds of atrocity committed by the United States armies which never can be forgotten in the Southern States. But I do entreat them to become loyal citizens, and respect the national authorities of the Republic. Abandon, at once and forever, all notions of secession, nullification and disunion, determine to live, and teach your children to live, as true American citizens. There will be in the future, if there is not now, as much of pride and grandeur in the name of "American citizen" as there once was in that of "Roman citizen."

A SPECIMEN OF COPPERHEAD CORRESPONDENCE.

From the N. Y. World.

RICHMOND, Va., July 10.

EFFECT OF MILITARY RULE IN THE SOUTH ON THE POPULARITY OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE popularity of George Washington, were he now in the presidential chair, could not survive three months more of military rule in the South. The people are *quiescent*, submissive, and law-abiding to a degree that is really astonishing, considering the indignities and oppression to which they are wantonly subjected. The adminstration of affairs here, and everywhere at the South, as I ascertain, would seem to have peculiar reference to the degradation of the white race. They are subjected to the most galling insults; yet they submit with a complacency that is certainly commendable in a people born to freedom, and hitherto blessed in its enjoyment. If a negro insults a white man—a very common event now-a-days—and the white man retaliates by abuse, the negro straightway proceeds to the provost marshal's office, where he is sure to obtain the fullest redress for his outraged honor. The poor white serf is hauled before that officer, and, without much ceremony, he is presented the alternative of apologizing to the nigger or going to Castle Thunder to spend some days on bread and water. Breaches of honor, as of law, particularly where the fine sensibilities of the negro are in the least outraged, are alike cognizable by the provost-marshal. A white man, of high and honorable standing in the community, is thrust into prison for carrying an old favorite sword-cane. A "colored gentleman" is permitted to carry a sword-cane, lead-headed bludgeon, or formidable hickory, without let or hindrance. A negro is sent ten days to Castle Thunder for an attempt to commit rape upon a young white girl of eleven or twelve years of age. A white man is sent for twenty-five days to the same place for chastising an offensive darkey. Violation of a contract by a nigger, no matter at what sacrifice or inconvenience to a white man, is no bar to his claim for the whole amount stipulated for under the violated contract. If a negro agrees to serve for a month and leaves at the end of two weeks, he claims the month's wages, and is indignant because he is allowed nearly two-thirds. In short, the negro is the only free man now in the South. Martial law is administered chiefly with reference to his elevation and the degradation of the unfortunate whites. Whatever may be the motives of this discrimination, it is certain that the negroes will not be benefited by such a policy. The authorities are laying up for them a store of resentment which will be anything but consistent with their future comfort. Impelled by unwise display of favoritism and an indulgence neither just nor proper, they are driven to commit against those on whom they will be forced to rely in the future for support outrages and indignities which will inevitably provoke retaliation in the future. President Johnson would be subserving the interests of the whites and blacks alike by ridding the people of the terrible incubus of military rule, which now weighs so heavily upon them. There is no man more popular at the South than he is. He will run serious risk, however, of forfeiting that popularity if he permits military rule to continue much longer. The popularity of a President is not likely to be enduring, with military rule as his principle of government in peace times. Military leaders, except in an emergency of war, are unsafe custodians of the reputations and characters of their chiefs. There is not a shadow of a pretence to justify the continuance of the military rule at the South. Everything in its condition justifies its discontinuance. Such is evidently not the purpose of the administration; for, according to late rumor, we are to have a more detailed system of military rule by the assignment of military commandants to newly-formed districts. I understand that Gen. "Sandy" Foster, as he is familiarly styled, is to be assigned to Staunton, his command to embrace the district west of the blue ridge to the Alleghanies; Gen. Curtis to Lynchburg, and Gen. Devens to Fredericksburg, each command to embrace several of the surrounding counties. This looks like a purpose to continue military rule for some time at least.

A SOUTHERN BISHOP'S PASTORAL.

DEAR BRETHREN: The events of the last few months have placed both the church and the country in greatly altered circumstances, and hence it becomes necessary to adapt ourselves to our altered relations. *Our hope of obtaining a distinct nationality as a people has been frustrated, and the providence of God seems to have ordained that we shall be again united in civil compact with our former associates of the North.* The Stars and Stripes again wave over us as in former days, and it is now our national flag, and should be respected accordingly. We have with our very inadequate means fought through a bloody war, *but have at length been overwhelmed by superior numbers*, and have been compelled to yield. *Our armies have fought bravely, and we have lost no honor in the conflict;* and now that the struggle is over, let us at once, and resolutely, apply ourselves to the peaceful avocations of life. Let the young men of the country now return to their much loved homes, seek to engage, the earliest moment possible, in some honest business, and by all means avoid all temptations to idleness. Let all our paroled soldiers carefully avoid all concerned in bushwhacking or guerilla warfare. These are wrong in principle and practice, and whatever seeming apology there might have been for the practice during the war, there can certainly be none now. It becomes us all now to seek, by all practical means, to promote the return of peace and good neighborhood among the various sections of the United States. Let us strive, as far as practicable, to forget the wrongs which we have suffered, and earnestly address ourselves to the task of reconstructing the government, and promoting its peace and unity. The brooding over our altered fortunes, and making them the theme of conversation, will tend greatly to increase our bitterness of feeling, and drive from our hearts that peace of God without which our religion is a mere "tinkling cymbal." There are among us, at various points, Federal soldiers, who, so far as I have learned, deport themselves in a very orderly manner. Let us not by any action of ours influence them to a different course of conduct, but let us extend to them all the courtesies of life; invite them to your churches, that they may mingle with you in the services of religion, for doubtless many of them before they left their homes were members of the church and consistent Christians. Let such feel at home with you in the house of God. And, finally, if you wish to live quiet and peaceable lives, in all godliness and honesty before God, it is your duty to pray earnestly and constantly to God that he may give to our rulers wisdom and integrity, that they may be able to bear rule in the fear of God. And now, dear brethren, may God pour out upon us in abundance the fear of His holy name, and the influence of His Spirit to guide us aright in all things.

JAMES O. ANDREW,
Bishop M. E. Church, South.

Mobile, June 12, 1865.

[Upon which the *Zion's Herald* remarks: Our readers will observe that he thinks the South has lost no *honor* in the conflict. We cannot understand that except on the ground that it had no honor to lose. Do our brethren North desire him for a bishop?]

A DEMOCRATIC OPINION.—The Manchester N. H. *Democrat*, of the Frank Pierce breed of Democrats, delivers the following opinion as in concurrence with the creed of its party:

If it (the Administration) permits the whole people to vote, they will vote for slavery; if it restricts the right of suffrage to the 'trooly loyal' they will still vote for slavery; and strange as it may seem to ignorant fanatics, if the question could be submitted to the negroes themselves, they would render the same verdict."

Selections.

A TALK WITH SOUTHERN MEN.

Correspondence of the Boston Journal.

WASHINGTON, July 14, 1865.

MANY of the arrivals at the hotels of this city are from the South—not the portly politicians of other days, who gloried in being called Southrons; not the wealthy planters with attending servants; not dark-eyed ladies, looking down upon the women of the North; but men with sober faces who look oftener upon the ground than in your eye; who talk in subdued tones; who sit alone and meditate upon a bitter past, a gloomy present and a forbidding future.

I have made it a point to converse with several of these men, to obtain if possible, a clear and distinct understanding of their expectations and understanding of their expectations and intentions. They appear to talk candidly.

Here is a man from central Georgia after an office! Judged by his talk, he may be reckoned a thoroughgoing Union man, who has done all he could against the rebellion. He lives northwest of Macon. He thinks that if the North is conciliatory the people of the two sections may in time live in peace and harmony. Upon inquiry I found that his idea of conciliation is general amnesty, forgetfulness of the past, immediate restoration of the States, no confiscation, no punishment to anybody.

Here is another Georgian—a middle aged, medium sized man with black whiskers and a bronzed face. I have had a talk with him upon the resources of his "section." The armies have not visited it—southwest of Macon. Most of the people are poor. There are some who have accumulated money during the war, but most men are poorer. The planters have lost their negroes; the cattle and horses have been consumed by the army; there is great scarcity of stock; there is a great want of agricultural implements. Society is utterly disorganized in those sections which have not been desolated.

"Do you think," I asked, "that the South will soon regain its prosperity?"

"Not without Northern capital. We are opening our railroads, but we must have new cars and engines. The rails are worn out and our foundries are shut up. They worked for the government and lost all. The cotton now on hand will give us a good start, because we shall sell it at three times the ordinary price. But we shall have no general advance of industry unless Northern men with capital come among us."

There is a woman from Texas who has come to present a claim for damages done to her property during the war! She is waiting the arrival of some influential men, who are expected next week. Gov. Wise, it is said, has already sent in a claim for land near Norfolk. This is but the beginning. Congress will yet be called upon to face the claims of everybody in the South.

There is a gentleman from New Orleans, a loyal man, who says that the plan is to get back into the Union on the easiest terms possible, and when the Southern States are once more a united phalanx with fourteen new members of Congress, then there will be a demand for indemnification for the slaves set free by the emancipation proclamation, or an affiliation with the Northern Democracy, and the repudiation of the debt.

It behooves the next Congress to pass a law by which no claim from any one who has aided or abetted the rebellion can ever be paid.

On the matter of confiscation there is great sensitiveness. To confiscate they say will drive them to desperation, and prevent the return of peace. They seem to forget that they have done the most desperate deeds possible—in fighting—in starving Union prisoners—in mining Libby Prison—in butchering Union soldiers at Fort Pillow—in hanging Union men in North Carolina—in assassinating President Lincoln—in seeking the destruction of Northern cities—in endeavoring to spread the yellow fever by infected clothing. They forget that they have attempted everything that is diabolical in their desperation, and now talk of conciliation as the only chance for peace.

I should make this letter much too long were I to enter into the detail of conversation with these Southern men. In brief, then, I arrive at the conclusion—that they are evidently bent on making the best terms possible, and to get back into the Union as soon as they can. They will oppose confiscation, and whatever is done in that matter now they will endeavor to undo in the future. They are bitterly hostile to any recognition of the negro as a citizen. They will not of their own accord grant him any political privilege or right. Some say that, if the negro is to be considered as good as a white man, they will leave the country. Already some citizens of Richmond have sold their estates, and are departing for Europe, Cuba and South America. There are some who see that this deportation of wealth will retard the recuperation of the South—who say that if confiscation is carried out the South will become a wilderness. They lose sight of the fact that these estates are, in almost every instance, purchased by Northern men, who are not in the habit of allowing a wilderness to spring up where civilization has once planted its feet.

CARLETON.

GENTLEMANLY DEPORTMENT.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"All I ask," said old Mr. Turveydrop, the model of gentlemanly deportment, when the marriage of his son was about to secure him at least two good servants instead of one—"All I ask, is the simple comforts of a home: my morning biscuit and coffee, a stroll or afternoon ride in the park, a dinner of simple game, ducks or venison and wine, an evening at the opera, and to be relieved of the cares and vexations of business, so annoying to one whom nature has fitted for a higher sphere. To you my dears I resign the entire attic, exclusive control of the preparation of our frugal repast, absolute charge of my wardrobe and of our dancing pupils. Attend faithfully to the business my dears and you will find that no delight equals the consciousness of daily fulfilling our duties. God bless you." Such in substance was the amiable condescension with which Mr. Turveydrop extended his parternal blessing on the young Turveydrop and Miss Jellyby.

Mr. Turveydrop has removed to the South; he resides on most of the plantations, he has a numerous offspring—but he always extends his blessing in the same form. All he wants is the results of labor without rendering its equivalent—the comforts of life without being pestered with that harassing question of wages—the rule of society without asking its consent—the lordship of creation without bowing to the decree, "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread!" And is this respectable? Is it worthy of the boasted nobility of the white race? O, yes, it is the very "model of gentlemanly deportment."

NORTH CAROLINA.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

AT Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, two classes of people celebrated the 4th of July. How it was done is well told by our correspondent, in a letter printed in another place. The events described have a significance that entitle them to serious consideration.

In North Carolina, we were led to believe, there was a large amount of subdued Unionism—a sentiment that had been silenced by a military despotism. This sentiment it was reasonable to expect would burst forth on the occasion of the first celebration of the national anniversary after the suppression of the rebellion and the removal of the yoke of rebel tyranny from the necks of the people. How was it?

The celebration in which the whites were to participate was arranged under the auspicies of Provisional Gov. HOLDEN. The day was pleasant. Under the shadows of the large trees, for which Raleigh is celebrated, the stand for the orator of the day and the platform for distinguished persons, were constructed. Ample provisions were made for the accommodation of the citizens, and nature and art and old memories combined to attract the people. But all these failed. The Unionism of the white citizens of Raleigh was not equal to a celebration of the birthday of the Republic. The memories that the 4th of July revive did not inspire the people of the capital of the North State. The old flag was not to be seen. There was no unfurling of the banner of beauty; there was no enthusiasm. It was a solemn farce. Altogether the number of citizens present was less than three hundred, and half of these were from the country. The ladies of Raleigh made it a point to be absent. Not one was there. Placards containing rebel sentiments were posted conspicuously on the trees, and the remarks of the orator were received in silence. The oration was in a great measure a justification of the course of North Carolina, but it was much better than its surroundings. Gov. HOLDEN was on the stand, but he was not called out, and when the speaker of the day concluded, the meeting broke up, the few citizens present walking sullenly away, apparently cursing the 4th of July, and the memories it revived. Such was meeting No. 1.

In another place the day was celebrated by another class. The colored people took advantage of it as their *first* 4th of July. They formed a procession, and with music and banners and transparencies marched through the streets to the ground selected for their exercises. Here five thousand colored people were gathered. They were enthusiastic. They honored the day, and promised to teach their children to love the Union. Their patriotism was not to be questioned. It was unquestionable. The contrast was striking. When, as American citizens, we consider the conduct of the white population, it was painful.

Such were the scenes presented in Raleigh on the 4th of July. The lesson is an important one. Let it be heeded.

THE TEMPER OF THE SOUTH.

From the Somerset N. Y. Unionist.

THE spirit of the rebellion, although conquered, is not dead. In the process of reconstruction, here and there, the old aristocratic assumption crops out and timorously struts with its disgraced moral habiliments. In the application for pardon, in the matter of suffrage and in the settlement of wages for black labor the lordly arrogance of the Southron is scarcely disguised.

We have no disposition to inordinately exult over a fallen foe, and we certainly do not wish to postpone the day of a cordial and complete harmony restored between the sections of the Union, but we are free to say that true concord and cooperation will not, and cannot, be reestablished until the South fully and honestly succumbs to the new order of regimen which the result of the war has made necessary. Wisdom, interest and justice dictate the policy. It is an affront to the North to show any signs of recalcitrating after the terrible experiences of the war by which the South has been defeated in its treasonable schemes, and after the barbarous and inhuman cruelties with which she waged battle upon our patriot sons.

A becoming attitude, for sinners of such a character would be that of penitent suitors. It is only by such a disposition that they can possibly attain the tithe of their legitimate wishes. To bluster or threaten is to expose themselves to an experience of long days of restive chagrin and unnecessary mortification.

LETTER FROM CHARLES SUMNER.

[THE following is the correspondence between a committee of the Union League in Savannah and Hon. Charles Sumner, in relation to a petition of its members to the President, asking for the right of suffrage:]

SAVANNAH, June 15th, 1865.

Hon. Charles Sumner, Boston, Mass: Sir—We, the undersigned, Committee of the Union League of Savannah, Ga., have the honor to present to you these our petitions to His Excellency Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, signed personally by the hands of some three hundred and fifty loyal citizens. We respectfully ask that you will present them to His Excellency the President, and we beg that Your Honor will use all of your influence in our behalf, and oblige,

Very respectfully, your humble servants,
JOS. C. JACKSON, Chairman.
GEORGE R. J. DOLLY, Cor. Sec.
BENJ. W. ROBERTS,
PETER DUNCAN,
JOSEPH S. TISON.

BOSTON, 8th July, 1865.

GENTLEMEN: Your petition, asking for the right to vote, has been forwarded to me here, with the request that I would present it to the President. I regret much that my absence from Washington has prevented me from doing this in person; but I have lost no time in forwarding the Petition to the President, with my most earnest recommendation.

You need not ask me to use influence in your behalf. I cannot help doing so to the extent of my ability.

Allow me to add that you must not be impatient. You have borne the heavier burthens of slavery; and as these have ended, be assured that the others will end also. This enfranchised republic, setting an example to mankind, cannot continue to sanction an odious oligarchy, whose single distinctive element is color. I have no doubt that you will be admitted to the privileges of citizens.

It is impossible to suppose that Congress will sanction any governments in the rebel States which are not founded on "the consent of the governed." This is the corner-stone of republican institutions. Of course by the "governed" is meant all the loyal citizens without distinction of color. Anything else is a mockery.

Do not neglect your work; but meanwhile prepare yourselves for the duties of citizens. They are yours of right, and I do not doubt that they will be yours soon in reality. The prejudice of caste and a false interpretation of the Constitution cannot prevail against justice and common sense, both of which are on your side—and, I may add, the Constitution, also, which, when properly interpreted, is clearly on your side.

Accept my best wishes, and believe me, fellow-citizens,

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES SUMNER.

SHALL THE REBEL STATES RETURN TO POWER?

EMANCIPATION INCREASING SOUTHERN MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.—THEY HAVE NO CONSTITUENCY.—THE SOUTH A SYSTEM OF ROTTEN L BOUGHS.

THE BEECHES, Thursday, July 10, 1865.

I WELL know, Mr. *Times*, how feeble is the voice of a solitary individual, without the pageantry of power or the machinery of party. But even the humblest individual among the millions of this free country is one of the units by which those millions are made. I hope, therefore, you will allow me, who have no other merit than that of the utmost disinterestedness, to speak freely of those public affairs in which, perhaps, we may not all agree. Since I last addressed you I have moved much among the people. I have consulted my constituency. The result is that I see more than one cloud upon the horizon. There may be more than one storm, but I shall speak only of the nearest and most obvious. This is the return of rebel States, not only to the Union, but to political power. Now, if there is any one thing the loyal people of this country are agreed upon, it is that the rebel States shall not return to political power. The great body of the people are quite willing the rebel States should not be reconstructed in ten years, and they are not willing that they should return with the whole political force of ten States thrown not only against the Administration, but against freedom, humanity, and civilization; in one word, to undo, if they can, all that four years of bloody and successful war has accomplished. And, let me tell you, that is the present tendency of things at the present time. There is no use in trying to ignore facts, or to set aside popular feeling. Sooner or later we must meet the case, just as it is, the hard and naked facts. Well, let me state to you just how these facts are:

1. The emancipation of the negroes in the South, by the Constitution (no matter whether now or at the next census), gives thirteen additional Representatives, which Representatives are the Representatives of negroes only. They represent nobody else.

2. The proclamations of President Johnson give the right of suffrage to those who held it prior to the ordinance of secession—subject to the amnesty oath. But eminent lawyers and citizens, having taught that a political oath of this kind has no validity, it follows that the whole rebel population will vote under these proclamations.

3. It follows, as an inevitable result, that the rebel States (if admitted by Congress, which, I trust, will not be done), will come back into the government as completely rebel as they ever were—except that they will fight in Congress instead of the battle-field. The only exceptions to this state of things will probably be found in Arkansas and Tennessee, which are Western States.

4. If the results of this procedure were to be visited on the Administration, or a political party only, perhaps we might be contented. It is natural that people should reap what they sow, and bystanders will make no violent efforts to prevent the harvest. But the result, if not prevented by Congress, will extend far beyond an administration or a party. Instead of peace and harmony, we shall have new conflicts; we may have a war of races; we shall bring new demagogues and factions into being, more than any which have yet infested the country. Will no party arise to repudiate the public debt? I know with what horror all honest and intelligent men look upon such a proposition; but what will that avail when you get into Congress seventy rebel representatives and fifty more of the Copperhead party? Can you expect the representatives of rebels to sustain your public debt? Never; it is unnatural. Do you expect the followers of Vallandigham, Fernando Wood, George Pendleton & Co., to sustain the debt? Never, if they get the power to repudiate it.

But I pass from this. There are other consequences of deep significance. The act of emancipation, as I said, introduces into Congress thirteen Representatives, who represent nobody on earth but negroes. Now, if the negroes don't vote, nobody sends them there. These thirteen Representatives will have no constituency whatever. This will be a beautiful thing in a democratic republic. You say the whites vote. So they do in the rotten boroughs of England; but in what proportion to the people? Let us examine this a little.

By the Emancipation Act, all the negroes of South Carolina are free. The white population of South Carolina is a representative population. The ratio of representation by the last census is 124,183. Under the old Constitutional rule, South Carolina would have only four Representatives; but now, having enough for five, and a portion of 100,000, she will have six. Now, see how they will be elected:

Total Whites	291,388
Total blacks	402,406
Number of white voters, at the usual ratio	48,677
Number of voters in one Congressional district	8,112
Number of voters in a district of Ohio or New York	21,000
Number of disfranchised men in South Carolina	67,066

In his way of proceeding, the rebellion in South Carolina is a perfect success. It compelled the National government to emancipate the negroes, and give them two new Representatives, without giving the negro constituency a single vote. This beats Old Sarum in England all hollow. In Old Sarum the votes were given by pot-boilers; but when my Lord of Bedford wanted a Representative from there, he had to pay some people to go and boil their pots; but in South Carolina two Representatives can be sent without even boiling a pot. She sends six Representatives, and three and a half of them are Representatives of negroes who cannot cast a single ballot. Verily, we understand some things in this country as well as they do in Europe.

To understand the thing better, take the lower Colleton) district of South Carolina—Barnwell, Beaufort, and Colleton:

White population	29,000
Colored population	88,000
White voters	5,000
Disfranchised men	14,000

The disfranchised men are three times the white voters. Now, suppose two states of affairs. That the white vote alone, or that the whole population vote. The results in the two cases will be about this. There are probably 1,000 Northern whites there who will claim to vote.

On the first plan the vote would be:

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Rebel vote	4,500
Loyal vote	1,500

Rebel elected.

On the second plan, suffering one-fourth the negroes to vote with the rebels:

Rebel vote	8,100
Loyal vote	12,500

Union men elected.

In all human probability, not one-tenth of the negroes would vote with the rebels. But whether they do or not, South Carolina Representatives will have a constituency instead of representing nobody.

The great difficulty is not so much as to negro suffrage as it is, but that under the plan adopted by Mr. Johnson the rebel party is to be revived with new strength. Against that, and against a rotten borough system in this republic, I claim my right to protest. I solemnly protest against the right of rebels to vote, by an oath of amnesty, or in any way whatever. Prevent it! Why every man in the South knows who are rebels; every negro knows; and our military Governors must not permit rebel voting. What earthly need is there of the rebel States coming into the Union these ten years? What do we want of them?

There is a tendency now to build up a reactionary party on the one hand, and a wholly radical party on the other. The former will be a rebel party in disguise. Will they support the Administration? if they do, will the Radicals support it? I leave you to judge by the lessons which history teaches. I hear the mutterings of the storm, and if a reactionary party comes into power, and if they refuse to pay the public debt, I wish to put this on record, that it will come solely from the failure to use your power when you had it. You have the constitutional power at this moment to put what terms you please on the Southern States; and if you do not, if the syren song of Union with the traitors beguile you, your opportunity will be lost and will not return. The Western States are alarmed at the prospect of admitting rebels with no counterbalance from the loyal population of the South. Take no note from nominating conventions, but take it from the heart of the people. Beware in time.

A VETERAN OBSERVER.

WHY COPPERHEADS OPPOSE NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

From the Chicago Tribune.

WHEN the colored people of the South are enfranchised there will be eight hundred thousand votes given for the Republican Union ticket, as not one black in a hundred could be coaxed or coerced into voting the Copperhead disunion ticket. People may talk about the influence and control the late masters would exercise over the votes of the blacks, but it is all a mistake. The candidates of the Republican party would receive the support of the freedmen quite as unanimously as the Copperhead candidates will obtain the votes of the exrebels. Give the colored men the ballot and there will hereafter exist two great parties in the South, of not very unequal strength, just as we have them in the North; but the Union party there, as here, would be in the ascendant. One party would be composed of three elements: first, radical Southern white Unionists; second, radical Southern colored Unionists; third, radical Northern Unionists who migrate to the South—the whole constituting the Republican Union party of the South, as the correlative of the Republic Union party of the North.

The other party in the South would consist of, first, the great mass of the late slaveholders, who were active rebels; second, the bulk of the "poor white trash" who also were rebels, and are controlled by the aristocracy in consequence of their dense and hopeless ignorance; third, Northern Copperheads living in the South, who sympathized with the rebels, voted against raising any more men or money to prosecute the war, and declared that the rebellion could never be put down by force of arms; fourth, a small sprinkling of blacks of the baser sort—pampered house servants and the like, but all told, numbering only a few thousand in the entire South—the whole constituting the rebel-copperhead party of the South, and acting in concert and unity with the Copperheads of the North.

From this survey it is obvious why Northern Copperheads are opposed to conferring the franchise on the colored men of the South. They perceive very clearly how that class would cast their votes. If they could be assured that the blacks would support the Southern Copperhead ticket their hostility to colored suffrage would instantly undergo a modification. Many of them would clamor as loudly for "universal suffrage" as they now do against it. The opposition of the Copperheads therefore is not to negro voting in the abstract, but to negroes voting for the Republican ticket. The "poor white trash" in the South oppose colored suffrage on different grounds. They have been taught by the crafty slaveholders to believe that their own rights and position in the scale of society would be imperilled or subverted by letting the negroes up, and that their assumed superiority to the blacks depended on keeping them down. Therefore they are hostile to the blacks being allowed to better their condition, by acquiring wealth or knowledge or political privileges. They are too lazy, shiftless and degraded to move forward themselves on the road of improvement, and they can't bear to see the despised blacks passing by them. Hence their bitter resistance to any measure or policy which tends to giving the colored people a fair chance to rise from their prostration and join even the rear of the column of Progress.

But the opposition of the Northern Copperheads to colored suffrage rests on a less respectable foundation than even the miserable caste feeling of the ignorant white rebels, as the Southern blacks in no way compete with them in the labor market, in the school house or in social relations. The opposition to them is *partisan*. They would deprive the black citizens of the right of voting, because the blacks, if enfranchised, would generally vote the Republican ticket! They insist on letting the rebels vote, because they will all vote the "Democratic" ticket; but they object to the loyal blacks voting, for the converse reason that they will not vote the "Democratic" ticket. Some Copperheads give as a cause why the blacks should not enjoy the suffrage that they are unlettered and ignorant. But if ignorance ought to exclude a man from the polls, more than half of the whites of the South, who are equally as ignorant as the blacks, must also be excluded, for why should not the rule of intelligence apply to them equally as well as to the blacks? Thus, it is seen that the "ignorance" objection is but a shallow pretext—the real reason of the opposition being, as before stated, that the colored men, if enfranchised, would vote the Republican Union and not the Copperhead secession ticket.

FOURTH OF JULY IN THE SHENANDOAH.

[The following is an abstract of an oration by Dr. J. E. Snodgrass at Martinsburg, Va.]

THE chief concern of the speaker seemed to be to infuse a spirit of forbearance and conciliation among our people, now divided in sentiment and repellant in feeling to a very great degree. For himself, he regretted this very much. He did not consider it either wise, expedient

when his eye lit upon in the paragraph in our late martyred and lamented President's Proclamation of Emancipation, which made an exception in favor, as no doubt the slaveholders considered it, of his native county of Berkeley—the only territory so small which had been excepted. He (Dr. S.) had felt that then was the propitious moment for the emancipation of his kindred and old neighbors and their descendants—of the whites as well as of the blacks—of the masters as well as the slaves—for he felt that, with whatever inconvenience or suffering the change might come to either side, it would be best for all, in the end! But he was glad that they had voluntarily, through the ballot-box, united their fortunes with those of the new State of West Virginia, and in so doing accepted the boon of at least gradual emancipation, under which they were destined to prosper as never before."

"On the question of the retrocession of West Virginia, or of the county of Berkeley rejoining her fortunes with the people of East Virginia, the speaker expressed the hope that it would never be done, and he was glad to find but few in favor of it. The separation, war or no war, was merely a question of time. The war only hastened it. The West had long been taxed to support the domineering and selfish East. The people East of the Blue Ridge got almost everything they asked for in the way of State aid to internal improvements—those West of it scarcely anything. For the only railroad traversing the western section of the original State they were indebted to the people of his first adopted State (Maryland), who, while their aim was to build up their commercial emporium (Baltimore) had incidently benefited them.

On the question of political reconstruction, the speaker said he, as an outsider, did not feel free to go into details, as it would do no good. They all knew his reputation as a radical, and he feared he would, for a time, if living there, be on the unpopular side. But, whatever they determined to do he hoped would be done in the sublime spirit of the Declaration of Independence, which they had just heard anew, as to the consent of the governed and their equality before the law. As to the franchise, as well as to the laws generally, he would say whatever they might deem it wisest to enact, let it bear equally on all who shall be found living under such regulations as might be made.

GEN. BUTLER ON THE STARVATION OF PRISONERS.

At the celebration of the 4th at Lowell, Gen. B. F. Butler, being called to respond to the toast, "*Our Volunteers*," said:

The Volunteers of the United States Army—but another form of words for the Army of the United States; as, with the exception of a handful, all the army were volunteers.

How they have fought! What battle-fields have been rendered illustrious by their valor! What rights have been preserved by their constancy! What benefits to mankind by their success! How freedom to all men has been secured as a result of their labors! The pen of history has preserved a record enduring forever.

It is fit on this birthday of the Nation, whose very existence is preserved by their heroic patriotism, in our joyous commemoration, that we should honor them for their services and mingle our congratulations with theirs in praise upon the return of peace.

Would that they were all here to meet us and receive our greeting. But alas! in every home by the mountain side, in the fertile valley, or on the smiling plain as in the crowded city, there is a vacant chair which a much loved brother, a fondly endeared husband, a revered father for whose coming orphans have hoped and wearily watching wept, or a son vainly waited for with the yearnings of parental affection, shall never again fill.

In the far South, by the turbid river, in the sands of the Carolinas, or on plains and amid the Wilderdess of Virginia, there are little mounds, fast disappearing under the tooth of time, which contain all that is left save our memories, to weeping sister, wife, children, bereaved mother or country, of our gallant, loyal, devoted soldiers, who have died that the Nation might live, even so long as to celebrate as a people the return of this day with its memories of patriotism and glory.

Would to God that the graves of these loved ones were all we had to mourn. Death on the battle-field, or to those who fall by disease even, in the path of duty, has its solace where the cause sanctifies and hallows it as the inevitable result of a struggle for Liberty and Law. But look once again! On a sandy plain in the midst of the pine forest, bounded by a murky swamp, there is a pit, filled with dead men's bones, unnumbered, unhoted, uncounted, unrecorded, unnoticed, without sepulture or the sacred rights of burial. By thousands not dead by the bullet, not stricken by disease from the hand of God—starved to death with the cruel torture of hunger, amid such plenty that an army of six myriads, with its cattle and horses, could subsist on the surplus provision of the country in a rapid march past Andersonville—or murdered with frost under the shadow of the fat pines, which sang sad requiem to their memories as the winter winds moaned through the branches, whose very sighing called up in frenzy the happy homes and warm hearths of the North to the wandering minds of the dying martyrs.

Shall we do nothing but mourn and mingle our tears with the sorrow-bowed ones of their homes, for these our heroes so lovedand lost? Is there no responsibility for these so great wrongs? Are idle grief and useless sorrow all the solace that a grateful country and a powerful people can give to the sorrowing sister, widowed wife and mourning mother for the brother, husband, son, thus foully, cruelly, basely murdered, with the set purpose to deprive that country of the services of its soldiers?

Shall we take to our hearts and to our social and political fellowship the cruel jailors who did these wholesale murders by famine and cold on our brothers and sons, helpless prisoners of war, entitled to food and warmth by every law, municipal or national, human or divine? Not in vengeance, but in mercy; not in retaliation, but in precaution; not in revenge, but in prevention, that this thing may never be done again among civilized men, as it never has been done before by a savage people, shall these butchers be brought to condign punishment?

Who in all the world, philanthropist or politician, editor or historian, soldier or civilian, has sent up or will send up a petition, that the keepers of the murder-pens, Libby, Belle Isle, Millen and Andersonville, shall be pardoned? The undried tears of the sister of every massacred soldier demands their execution. The forlorn woe of each lonely widow cries for it. Heaven's justice, the silent agony of every bereaved mother mutely pleads that her son's murderer shall not blast her sight in life. All nature and nature's God, by His holy law, has decreed that the brother's murderer shall not live. Who, then, shall stay the hand of justice? Who shall stand between these men and the penalty of the law? There is none—not one.

But hold! Is there no answer for these prejudged criminals? Have they no plea to put in when so summarily arraigned at your bar? Hear them in mercy and deal with them in justice. Hear them as they answer for their lives: "We, the jailors of Andersonville, Libby and Belle Isle were but inferior military officers. We did but carry out the orders of our superiors. If we had refused to do their bidding we should have been court-martialed and hanged. We were but the hands to do what the heads willed. We but followed out the policy of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederate States, to deplete by starvation the armies of the United States, and only executed the orders of Robert E. Lee, Commander-in-Chief of our armies, to prevent reinforcements coming to you, our enemies, by exchange of prisoners. Why hang us and subscribe $60,000 in New-York as a testimonial to him? What kind of justice in your Government is it to shut us up in prison for obeying his orders and permit him to retire to his home in Virginia, like another Cincinnatus, returning not from serving, but ruining his country?

"Why visit all your punishment upon us? We are poor illiterate men—mere jailors. We were not educated at the people's expense at West Point, as were President Davis and Gen. Lee. We have never sworn fealty to your flag in solemn service. We did not hold, at the beginning of the war, high offices, civil or military, in the Senate and army of the United States.

"If we were guilty of the death of your soldiers at Andersonville as subordinates, were they not equally guilty as superiors? Beside did they not bring on the war by their action in the Senate and army, and without them and such as they, would the war ever have been begun or carried on at all? Are they not guilty, then, of the death of all your brothers, sons, husbands, and fathers on every battle-field, in every hospital, and in every prison? If you punish not them and such as they, why punish us?"

And their questions are hard to answer.

These men, does not justice say, ought not to be hanged—at least alone.

If, then, we believe that our men were murdered at Andersonville; if we have not put forth a solemn falsehood to the world in this behalf against the South; if treason, aggravated by murders most foul and numberless, is worthy of death; if our sons and brothers are dear to us; if their blood has not been shed in vain; if our country, for whose safety so many good and brave men have been offered up, is worth the sacrifice of the lives of great criminals, then let these leaders—representative men—be executed, as a warning and example that all men may understand hereafter that he who aims a blow at the life of his country shall surely die.

I give you, therefore—Justice and Mercy: both equal attributes of the Deity.

[What Gen. Butler says of the comparative guilt of the jailors and the chiefs of the Confederacy whose agents they were, is profoundly just as well as eloquent. But to hang Jeff. Davis would gild him and his cause with more glory than could be attained in any other way. To hang all his former ideas, hopes and aspirations, by abolishing slavery forever, and restoring to every slave and his posterity henceforth, all the rights and privileges of equal citizenship would to him, be a punishment far more *capital*, than death by the halter. Do that, and he might then be sent forth free from all further molestation by any hand but his own and God's. For, like his eldest brother in history, he would be compelled to wander "a fugitive and a vagabond," wailing perpetually, "my punishment is greater than I can bear!"]

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1865.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT OF THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

NO STATE SHALL MAKE ANY DISTINCTION IN CIVIL RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES AMONG THE NATURALIZED CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES RESIDING WITHIN ITS LIMITS, OR AMONG PERSONS BORN ON ITS SOIL OF PARENTS PERMANENTLY RESIDENT THERE, ON ACCOUNT OF RACE, COLOR, OR DESCENT.

ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME.

If Aphorism were argument, no problem need go unsolved.

"It is only a question of time," is the end of all argument, all reason, with multitudes of persons, on thousands of inconvenient subjects. But applied to results dependent on human agency, in whole or part, the philosophy is false if not fatal.

Many Republican papers are soothing themselves and their readers with the blissful idea, that practically acknowledging the right of colored suffrage is but a question of time; as though it might occur like a shower, or a sunrise, over which there is no human control. In such a view of this subject, a positively existing obligation is overlooked. And that obligation is immensely increased by a false position usurped by the government, that suffrage is not a natural right.

If governments are right in themselves, they are so only by the consent of the governed. Naturally, all men are free as the birds of the air. But according to Locke, and indeed all intelligent writers on the subject, in going into society, they "*give up*" a portion of their natural rights to be made more secure in the enjoyment of others; though nowhere in history is it known that an intelligent people ever voluntarily surrendered their right to a choice of rulers. If any right is *inalienable* this surely is one. And men have no more right to surrender it than tyrants have to wrest it from them. Whoever can be thus free, and is not, is both slave and sinner. Men have no more right to be slaves than slaveholders. Give us liberty or give us death is indeed a fearful demand! But applied to soul and spirit, there is really no such alternative. The soul says, give me liberty, or you *do* give me death! Yea, that "*second death*," in the visions of Patmos!

Now this government, like so many others, has usurped the claim of dictation, as to the inalienable right of suffrage. It taxes all who can be taxed, in person, or property, or both; whether represented or not; men, women, aliens, minors, all. It governs all, in this as well as other things: whatever may be said about "*the consent of the governed*," or of "taxation without representation."

Some governments have had Oligarchies of birth, wealth, position, education. Ours is of the skin—the color. It grew out of slavery. Under that system, we learned that a black skin could have no rights which a white skin was bound to respect. And of course, that about three-fourths of the human race, being colored, might be the lond slaves, the chattels personal of the other fourth. Such, according to Chief Justice Taney, was opinion, custom, and law before the Revolution, under a monarchy, that made itself to its colonies, *a despotism:* and so he ruled it might remain, in a Republic.

But the iron hail-stones of war have swept away from us that refuge of lies; and now the question of acknowledging the inalienable right of men, black men to elect their lawmakers is racking the brain of the nation almost to madness; white state and white church, white government and white people, seeming to believe beyond doubt, that God has conferred on them the prerogative of graciously bestowing this boon on black people or not, at pleasure.

Had we not made the Declaration of Independence a lie from the beginning, this problem need never have so distracted the nation. If God made white Washingtons voters, he made black Toussaints voters also. We are tormenting ourselves day and night, about *giving* the negro the right of suffrage. But where in this universe did anybody get that right, to *give* to any other body? No matter though one were white as heaven's robes, and the other black as midnights in Erebus! Let the title deeds be produced. Can President Johnson or Parson Brownlow *give* the right to vote to the colored men of Tennessee? Or could Gabriel give it to the President, or to the Parson?

No President, Governor, or Government, can confer that right. It is beyond the gift of created being, man or angel. And all the talk and legislation about *giving the right of suffrage* is insulting mockery of Him who created all men equal. It is high treason against His government to withhold it from any human being His hand has formed. But to snatch it from the hands of those noble braves at the South, to whom we owe our present existence as a Nation, while giving it back to their tyrant masters, is a rebellion against the Infinite Justice which governs the moral universe, so black and bloody, as that the deeds of Davis and his myrmidons, pale into innocence before it! The slave always had an inalienable right to liberty, and the means of defending it; before the war, in the war, and since the war. It is time these senseless babblings cease about giving inalienable rights; unless indeed, "judgment has fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason!"

But supposing this work be but a question of time, when is the time to arrive? If the colored people are not to day in possession of that right, it is only because it has been torn from them by robbery. And we "the governing classes" have done it. At what time do we propose to restore it? If it be "but a question of time" we make it so. We continue it so. But is it only an innocent question of time when we will cease to do evil? We are practising hourly a system of injustice and unrighteousness, that has overturned many empires—that cost the British government in 1776, a greater loss in empire as well as in authority, than any nation ever suffered before or since, unless swept like Babylon, with the besom of complete destruction. When will we cease to do this evil, and begin to do well?

Harvests, even in natural husbandry, are far other than questions of time. Where human agency and moral responsibility are both involved, much more is this true.

The framers of the government said the dying out of slavery, would be but a question of time. And so they rashly permitted, and even provided for the curse. Did it die out in time? They sowed the dragon's teeth, indeed, as in the ancient fable. And in the last four years, we have been reaping the fearful harvest. No, it was not a question of time.

The fathers said, "have we not our Declaration, and Constitution, and Revolution, a threefold thunderbolt, a triune omnipotence, to bruise this serpent's head? Surely his death must be but a question of time!" We know too well the result of their faith and philosophy at that hour.

The Federal Government now has the power to do justice, and the undoubted constitutional right. Not indeed from choice. The stern ruling of war conferred it. Under the peace power, the Presidents have been compelled to do injustice. They were sworn, as every court decided, to hold and hunt slaves, and protect the plantation from "domestic violence."

Under the war power, forced by inexorable "military necessity," we are permitted to do justice and righteousness, as a government.

And this has been our boasted republic. While the nations of the earth have been sweeping slavery to eternal infamy and oblivion, we have made it the patron saint and palladium of our commercial greatness and prosperity; bending every interest of legislation, education, and even of religion to its insatiable requirements. While peace prevailed, thus it was. Had peace continued, so it must have remained.

But war kindled its fires, and in their fury, we have been *enabled* to cease our oppression and cruelty. Had war not come, we must have continued them, *under the high behests of the Constitution.* So we have declared, believed, and acted, for almost a hundred years.

Only as a military necessity, it is still held, could the slaves be set free.

Being free, let their manhood be acknowledged, citizenship, suffrage, and all. Not *given* to them. That acknowledgement, the government can begin now through Congressional enactment, and sustain by force and arms, if need be.

But instead of this it is proposed to deliver the whole colored population back again into the power of the white tyranny that has so long oppressed it; holding ourselves at the North, bound as ever heretofore, to "suppress domestic violence" there, should a Toussaint or Nat Turner arise amid the blood-stained savannas to deliver his people or perish in the attempt.

From such husbandry as this, what harvest can be expected? Is this to sow wisely and well? Let the planter in spring, pour his seed into the crater of Vesuvius, and await the coming eruption. If, when its sickened stomach next vomits up its blazing bile, and spouts its cataracts of fire down every valley, if on the gleaming billows, there come wafted to his garner, golden harvests of yellow corn, then may we expect millenniums of liberty to be showered by an infuriated mastery on their long-degraded and imbruted victims.

PURPOSES OF THE PARDONING POWER.—WHY ENTRUSTED TO THE PRESIDENT?

A Question.—What is the pardoning power, and for what purpose entrusted to the President?

It is the power of releasing and forgiving a criminal, tried by proven of law before a criminal tribunal and convicted of crime, and sentenced to suffer the penalty appointed for the same. No man can be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, proving him to have been guilty, and sentencing him for the crime of which he is convicted. No man can be pardoned until he has thus been sentenced. There is no power in any civilised country, or in any system of civilised jurisprudence, by which a man can be pardoned beforehand, and thus delivered from all fear even of being accused or indicted or tried for a crime of which he may have been guilty. There is no man in France or Great Britain, suspected of crime, who could, however high his position, or many and powerful his friends, be pardoned by the government beforehand and thus secured from all danger of ever being accused and apprehended and held to answer for his crimes, thus shielded by the government beforehand against the possibility of being punished for any guilty conduct. It is obvious that such a power of pardoning without trial or before trial would be the prostration of all barriers against crime, would be an unlimited license for crime and villainy.

Such is the pardoning power, and such are some of the conditions requisite for its exercise. A man must be found guilty and be sentenced to punishment, before the pardoning power can be exercised upon him.

Now then, second, For what purpose is this pardoning power committed to the President?

It is for the purpose of justice; to render justice more impartial, certain and secure. It is to guard against the possible violation of justice in a man's unjust trial and conviction. It is to afford opportunity for extenuating circumstances to be considered in the case of the guilty, that could not be considered by the jury, whose only duty was to declare the man guilty or not guilty according to the evidence and the law. The furtherance and the ends of government may require that the Executive shall have the power, after trial and conviction and sentence, to consider the pleas and reasons for mercy. But it is not to prevent justice, and the pardoning power is not to be exercised but for good reasons and sufficient, and for the security of the government, and protection of its innocent subjects. When the Governor of any State is asked to pardon a criminal, it is necessary to have an array of names and reasons sufficient to justify him in doing what otherwise would tend to break down the security and dignity of the government, and its safeguards against crime.

The pardoning power is entrusted with the President, in order that mercy may be mingled with justice, when there is reason for it; in order, also, that mistakes committed in the trial, if discovered, may be corrected; in order that the effects of haste, or prejudice, or too great severity may be prevented. But the object of the pardon is the securing of justice; not the license and security of crime. And the pardoning power is lodged with the President that the retributive majesty of the law, in behalf of justice, may be confirmed, not destroyed. Wholesale pardon of the guilty would take away all the terrors of the law, and make its penalties a bugbear.

But, above all, the pardoning power is entrusted with the President, to be exercised only upon the guilty, not the innocent. The innocent cannot be pardoned. And every man is supposed innocent until he is tried and convicted. Of course, the President has no right to exercise the pardoning power upon men as if they were criminals, before they are tried and convicted; no more than he has to exercise it upon the innocent, as if they were criminals. He has the right to exercise it only upon tried and convicted criminals. To exercise it upon merely suspected or accused persons before trial and conviction, would be to give security to crime and villainy on the largest scale. It would prevent any person—even the greatest rogue—from being brought to justice, if it were known that, even before trial, the rogues could be pardoned, and so all possibility even of trial and sentence be prevented. This would be to make a Pope of the President with the power of a Papal indulgence for crime—that is, the pardon of it beforehand. The greatest villains would only have to come to the President, either before committing their crimes, and receive absolution in the form of pardon, or after the crime and before arrest and trial, receiving security and indulgence in the same form.

Now, just such a Pope is our President making of himself, in assuming the power of pardoning rebels and traitors against the Government by the wholesale, without even the form of trial, without conviction, without sentence of punishment, without law. It is the prostration of all justice, and the setting up of indiscriminate security for crime in the place of justice.

If treason be the highest of crimes, let it at least be branded as a crime, before it is pardoned. Let the traitors and rebels be arrested and tried, and the greatness of their guilt declared and shown by some process of law, as appointed for the purpose, before they are let off. To pardon them without trial, without sentence, is not so much justice as it is complicity with crime. The government becomes accessory after the fact. The dignity of pardon is all taken away, and it becomes a game. It is not pardon, but the prostration of justice, and rewarding of crime.

Let us suppose that the President should act in the same manner in regard to all those criminals supposed to have been guilty of assassinating the late Chief Magistrate. Suppose he should issue a proclamation of amnesty, and invite them all to receive a pardon, before they are even arrested, or tried, as well as those being tried. Yet he has as much right to proclaim a pardon for the assassins of President Lincoln as he has to proclaim a pardon for the rebels against the government. He has no more right to exempt the traitors from trial and punishment than he has to exempt the assassins from the same.

Neither has he any more right to make exceptions in the case of the rebels than in the case of the assassins. Suppose he should interpose and say that only Sanders and Thompson and Blackburn should be arrested and tried and punished, but that Davis and Lee he had pardoned before hand, and therefore they could not be held. But he has no more right to exempt Lee from arrest, trial and punishment as a traitor, or to pardon him or any other traitor and rebel, than he has to exempt an assassin or pardon an assassin. Indeed, he has no more right to pardon any person without trial, or before trial and sentence, than the writer of this article has; no more power than Mr. Grinnell or Mr. Evarts has. The exercise of such power is a usurpation.

PERSONAL.

The Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard has enrolled Wm. Lloyd Garrison among its honorary members.

George F. Robinson, the soldier who saved the life of Secretary Seward, has been given a government clerkship worth $1,200 a year.

Edward Howden, the seamen who made his escape with Lieut. Cushing after destroying the rebel ram Albemarle, was murdered on Sunday last near the Gosport Navy Yard.

Matthew Arnold, the poet, is now on the Continent with a commission from the English government to look after some reported improvement in Schools. The government of England is ahead of all others in fixing upon the man who has a particular ability and availing itself of it.

President Johnson has tendered to John Bright, through Admiral Goldsborough, of the European squadron, a steam-frigate, to convey him to America, should he decide to visit this country—thus recognising him as the Nation's guest. This, it is said, was the intention of President Lincoln, also.

The London *Post* of the 26th ult. says, on Saturday afternoon, by command of her Majesty, Gen. and Mrs. Tom Thumb, with their infant daughter, Minnie Warren Stratton, and accompanied by Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren, arrived at Windsor Castle, for the purpose of giving a performance before the members of the royal family.

The report of Madame Kossuth's death is contradicted, but she is dangerously ill. The only surviving sister of the late Governor of Hungary has just come from New York, where she lives, to pay a visit to her brother and suffering sister-in-law. Kossuth, since he became an exile, has lost his mother, buried at Brussels; two sisters, buried in New York; and his daughter, buried in Genoa.

Col. L. C. Baker, Chief of National Police, has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, for, as the commission recites, meritorious services as Provost-Marshal during the war, and especially for diligence in the suppression of frauds against the government in recruiting, and in pursuing the murderer of President Lincoln—J. Wilkes Booth and his accomplices—to date from April 26, 1865, the day of Booth's capture and death.

Dr. James Henry Wilson, a learned and respected colored physician of Philadelphia, died on the 9th of July. Being excluded by his color from the privilege of matriculating at the medical colleges, he hired himself out, although his father was in good circumstances, in a menial capacity, first at the College of Pharmacy, then at Jefferson Medical College, and afterwards at the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and in the course of many years' service at these institutions, by listening to the lectures, by incessant private study, by personal contact with the professors and students (with whom he became a great favorite), he fitted himself for eminence in his profession. He was in his forty-seventh year.

Gov. Johnson of Georgia, in his speech at Augusta on the 7th instant, said among some other good things: That the people of the North and the South were one—one in mountains, one in lakes, one in rivers, one in language, and one in a common destiny. God, when he divided the people into nations, did not resort to war to do it, but confounded their speech, and caused them to speak different languages. As long as we continue to speak the same language, we must be one people, under the same government.

He further said that the governments of the United States and Great Britain, as well as France, were in accord on the slave-trade. They are the leading nations of the earth, and as they act in concert on the slavery question, he believed the abolition of slavery in this country would be the cause of its ultimate extinction in Cuba and Brazil, and that their rich agricultural and mineral resources would be greatly benefited thereby, and that benighted Africa would feel its influences, for the various chiefs and rulers would be forbidden to sell their subjects into slavery.

In conclusion, Gov. Johnson exhorted the people not to despond, though depressed and disheartened now. He assured them that a better day was dawning, and counseled them to take hold and to build themselves up by industry and energy. He exhorted the men, women and clergymen to abate their hostility, and abide by what they could not possibly avert; to cultivate a spirit of friendship towards those whom they lately looked upon as enemies, and ended his speech with a touching allusion to the Allwise One in His dealings toward His people.

Mr. Charles L. Brace, the excellent Secretary of the Children's Aid Society of this city, at present travelling in Europe, writes a letter to the N. Y. *Times*, dated London, July 6, 1865, from which the following is an extract:

A common expression among English Liberals is, "You have been fighting our battles!" and there is no doubt that the cause of democracy has been put ahead fifty years at least in Great Britain by our success. Not that immediate results will be seen, but the effect on public opinion is profound and lasting.

I have, perhaps, seen the more of the British good feeling toward America, because I came to England perfectly indifferent about "English sympathy." But you may be assured, whatever ill-natured scribblers assert who only see small circles of prejudiced Englishmen, that the change in popular feeling toward us is marvelous, and that the heart of the nation is with the North. The attempts of some of the anti-Southern leaders to wriggle out now from their former position are simply ludicrous. I hope in regard to such timeservers as Lord Brougham, no American will ever forget what he said when our cause was in misfortune, and to speak for us required a courageous heart and independent judgment.

Even the Duke of Argyle, who has been known through the war as one of our few friends in aristocratic circles, would have done a more manly thing to have made the excellent speech he delivered in our defence a month since, some two years ago, when his fellow-members of the government did not hesitate to exult at our weakness and to prophecy our downfall. And when we have, in the *Times*, the brilliant "Historicus" just discovering that he has always opposed slavery, and now, for the first time, detecting the virtues of President Lincoln, most Americans will feel that they are more honored in their cause with such men as their opponents than their friends.

SLAVERY IN KENTUCKY.

Commissioner Fisk, Commissioner of Freedmen's Affairs for Kentucky and Tennessee, sends a report to the Bureau of Freedmen, dated July 20, in which occurs the following paragraph:

"Kentucky is just now stirred to its bitter depths on the slavery question. A hotly-contested political canvass is agitating the entire State. The only issue before the people is a ratification of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. The devotees of barbarism cling to its putrid carcass with astonishing tenacity. Kentucky, I fear, will refuse to become one of the twenty-seven pall bearers required to bear the remains of the great abomination to its final resting place. Maj.-Gen. Palmer, commanding department, has, by General Order, stricken the shackles from all slaves who will leave the State. His post commandants throughout the State are issuing passes to each colored person making application. Railroads, steamboats and ferry-boats are required to transport all who present the military pass and pay their fare. This order was issued on the 10th inst., and the result has been that thousands of the colored population have crossed the Ohio, and are now crowding the towns and cities of the States lying opposite."

The writer adds that he is daily looking for a breeze from Indianapolis and other Northern cities that may be experiencing this "black vomit." The emancipation and deportation general order, and the agitation attending the political canvass, has roused every colored person to the importance of striking for freedom, and men, women and children are generally upon the move for some place beyond the reach of their late masters. In many localities the most cruel and fiendish atrocities are being visited upon the slaves by their maddened and despairing ex-owners. Especially is this the case when the males of families have been enlisted in our army. Gen. Palmer has directed his post commandants to forward all parties making application for protection to Camp Nelson, and 500 were sent there during last week alone.

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly for August, contains the fashions of the month, together with a number of illustrations, patterns, selections of light literature, and all those matters interesting to females.

The *Communicator* is the name of a new paper lately issued in Baltimore by the colored people, and devoted to their interests; James E. Thompson, publishing agent. It is a very neatly printed sheet, and its written and selected articles are truly of a creditable character. It deserves the hearty support of the people whose advocate it is, and has our earnest wishes for a complete success.

LABORS OF MISS HOLLEY.

[Miss Sallie Holley has been for several weeks past performing most excellent service for the cause of impartial Freedom, in some of the central counties of this State. Her own letters, or those of her travelling companion and invaluable co-worker (the writer of the following), are always most acceptable to the Standard:]

Sherwood's Cayuga Co., N. Y., July 17th, 1865.

Mr. Editor: The wheat fields that bent and swayed, and rippled and waved, and tossed their green heads with infinite grace and beauty in the June breezes and sunshine have fulfilled the farmer's hopes, and now, as we are leaving Tompkins and Cayuga counties, we walk or ride by all the picture-like scenes of a golden harvest time. One farmer said to us, "a fairer or a brighter crop of wheat I never had—not a weevil or a speck of rust."

A bountiful plenty smiles on every hand. The pretty hay-making goes on too; and man and beast, whatever other wants they may have, will not lack for food.

The many fine bass-wood trees, native to these forests, are loaded with their creamy, fragrant clusters, so beloved of the bees; and do not fail to remind us they are related to the *Linden* which gave the family name to Linnæus, "the man of flowers."

If the wild pigeons do not visit this region in their old wonderful style, next spring, it will not be because beech-nuts are not growing in their little burry coats, on every stem, and "coigne of vantage" of the grand trees, that delight us, as beech-trees have not, since we went up Mansfield Mountain in Vermont, among their "clean boles" and "handsome insteps."

Another chief road-side joy of our pilgrimage this month has been the thickets of elder-bushes, thickly blossomed out with their sweet flowers. They make us think of one of Theodore Parker's charming letters, where he mentions an ancient elder-bush he saw in the Jewish cemetery of Prague. An Austrian lady, to whom we read the letter, told us it was the custom in Vienna to serve the clusters of flowers, *cooked* in some delicate way at table. Hans Andersen has put the elder-bush into one of his most delightful stories.

We smile as we date our letters Venice, Genoa, Milan, etc., leaving off the *Hollows, Corners, and Ridges*, by which the post-offices and villages are significantly designated in these towns, that have nothing in common with those of Tuscany and Lombardy, but the sky and the poplars. We call it being on our Foreign Travels.

At Lansingville Mrs. Laura Fletcher, and next, Mr. John Corwin near Genoa Five Corners, and Mr. Parsons, spared nothing for our comfort and help. And so on through all the five weeks of Miss Holley's lectures hereabouts. Last week we touched South American coasts in imagination, at *Peruville*, where we met again, after eight years, our kind friends the Larneds, the Smileys, and the Drakes. The Free Church was pleasantly lighted, and the farmers drove into the little village to attend the meeting; an earnest company on whom the evening's discourse seemed to fall with hallowed power. They selected and sung the most appropriate words of Miss Martineau's hymn:

"All men are equal in their birth."

As we see these gatherings of people, coming together in their Sunday leisure, and after their busy day's toil on week-day evenings, to be reasoned and plead with in behalf of justice to the black man, we feel the hope, and a conviction that the sun does not shine and the moon roll so gloriously on over these human habitations merely to ripen material harvests of grain and fruit, and to gladden the eye and the soul with flowers, and singing birds, and all the happy gifts of country living. But that thoughts, ideas and principles, worthy of the best American history and tradition, such as the Standard is so nobly seeking to establish, are being wrought into the mind and character of this outwardly prosperous people, that shall help to exalt the Nation with righteousness, and durable honor and peace.

We are having an uncommon happiness at this place. Our dear friend, Emily Howland, came from her labors among the freed people at Arlington, Va., just in time to meet us here at her home. She has a beautiful, rich mind and soul, and what she has been telling us ever since we came is all eloquent with the tender and conscientious devotion with which she has so patiently and heroically cared for these people, as their teacher, friend, and counsellor. She regularly read the Standard aloud to them. She told us that the most delightful incident she knew of President Lincoln was this: A Boston lady, who did not like Mr. Wendell Phillips' criticisms of Mr. Lincoln, took him several of the Standards containing them, and called his attention to them—"O, yes!" replied the noble-minded President, "I have seen them!" "I like it!" "It is manly criticism, and I welcome it."

C. F. P.

THE STATUS OF THE REBELLIOUS STATES.

To the Editor of the Standard:

This is a question of no ordinary importance. Its proper adjudication, under the Constitutional laws of the Federal Government, involves the weal of the Nation for all time to come. It is not a question soluble upon the *ipse dixit* of Executive authority or legislative assumption; and all attempts at its settlement, unauthorised by the Federal Constitution, must be null and void.

When a State throws off its allegiance to the government and wages open rebellion against its legally constituted authorities, it dissolves its organization by the very act, and has no longer an existence as a State of the Union. Its organization is a part of its existence, and when that is defunct, by the act of the people, the State is no more.

In this, the right of the rebellious States to secede from the Union is not conceded. No relinquishment was granted from the territory embraced by the federal compact. The people may dissolve their State governments, but the federal compact they never can. This can be done, only, by the mutual consent of all the States.

If it is said that the loyal minority is the State, it may be answered, that a minority did not organize the State, and cannot maintian a constitution after a majority repudiate it. They have rights, but these are held in trust by the general government.

The next great question which arises is this: can executive power authorize the formation of State governments, in the Territories of the United States? The proclamations of President Johnson to organize the States of North Carolina, Mississippi, Georgia, and Texas, assume no less than the exercise of this power. If the Constitution grants the Executive power to proclaim "rules and regulations" enabling the people of a territory to become a State, these proclamations are a part of the law of the land; but, if otherwise, they are of no validity whatever.

The supreme law of the land must control the settlement of this question, while the Supreme Court must decide whether this high authority is lodged with the people's representatives, or resides in the prerogative of the Executive. In this disposition of the question of powers, there need be no collision between legislative and executive authority, because, our government being one of limited powers, there can be no encroachment of the one upon the other without its meeting an impartial decision before the highest judicial tribunal known to our laws.

It is granted that President Johnson is the Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United States. Does this confer on him the authority to determine the civil *status* of a State in time of peace, which had disorganized itself by armed rebellion? to prescribe the qualifications of electors in the reconstruction of its State government? It is also granted that the President has the pardoning power. But, does it follow that all whom his clemency may pardon are thereby restored to the elective franchise, while other citizens whose loyalty has passed into proverb must be excluded by the same dictum, from its exercise? Has the Constitution thus placed the suffrages of almost one half the nation at the disposal of a single man? Yet this is the very point involved in these proclamations. Under this order of things the rebellious States may, again, clothe treason with authority, and send it to the national capitol to defeat the objects of the government and inaugurate a second rebellion.

If the President has been clothed with this extraordinary power, these States cannot he held in abeyance until they give pledges of future fidelity to freedom and the Union; but may organize, at once, and carry on a more powerful work of treason and oppression than ever before.

In saying these things, it is not meant to charge the President with a purpose to effect these disastrous results; but to urge that on all occasions the safeguards of the Constitution may be applied to the exercise of executive, as well as legislative authority; and to let no step taken pass into precedent until it has been subjected to the ordeal of Constitutional adjudication.

J. M. Rankin.

Our Boston Correspondence.

Boston, July 24th, 1865.

The usual exercises of Commencement Week at Harvard University were this year enlarged by the impressive and unique addition of "Commemoration Day," when a fitting tribute was paid to the memory of those sons of Harvard who have fallen in the war, and a hearty welcome extended to those who have survived its dangers.

On one side of the great Pavilion in which the services were held, appeared, conspicuously inscribed, the names of the "Martyrs of Harvard," ninety-four in number; students or graduates who, answering the call of their country to take part in the war, had perished in her service.

There were thirteen hundred guests at the dinner, including, of course, a very large number of persons distinguished in the civil and military history of the last four years, and of eminent graduates of the University of all ages. Hon. Charles G. Loring of Boston was President of the day. It appeared, from his admirable introductory address, that of twenty-four hundred graduates and students, the number living at the breaking out of the rebellion, five hundred and twenty-eight volunteered in the army or navy at the call of their country. In closing his beautiful and affecting remarks upon the ninety-four of these who had fallen, and the much larger number who had returned from the war with mutilated limbs or impaired constitutions, Mr. Loring appropriately said, that when a Memorial should rise to commemorate the patriotism and devotedness of those who had died and those who had fought in this cause it would also represent, and should plainly express, the tenderness, fortitude, zeal and faith of loyal American *women* in the great struggle for humanity and freedom in the rebellion of 1861.

Speeches were made by Maj.-Gen. Devens, one of the first of the alumni to march to the threatened capital of the country, and by Gov. Andrew, President Hill, Gen. Meade, Ralph Waldo Emerson and others, and poems written for the occasion by Rev. Chas. T. Brooks, John S. Dwight, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell, were either sung by the choir or read in alternation with the speeches. The services of a day full of excitement and emotion closed with the health of the alumni absent on duty (who were named in the order of their college years), hearty cheers for all absent brethren, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," a constant custom in the celebrations at Harvard.

On Phi Beta Kappa day, an event took place which shows as decisively as anything in our times the change that has been wrought among our literary class by the events and lessons of the rebellion. William Lloyd Garrison was proposed and elected an honorary member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. No man in the country better deserves this compliment than Mr. Garrison; for he has labored for nearly forty years in the cause of good letters, and in one of the most needed ways, namely, by opposing the false ideas in regard to freedom, and truth, and justice, that were accustomed to contaminate the written and spoken productions of the class called literary. Ten years ago, no class was more generally, none more firmly, in league with the Slave Power than this, unless, perhaps, the Church should be excepted. And the Church represented herself on this very occasion in the person of Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Worcester, of Salem.

This gentleman, formerly Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in the stronghold of Orthodoxy called Amherst College, afterwards pastor, for a long course of years, of an Orthodox Congregational Church in Salem, and long, also, one of the Secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—I mention all these because his action fairly represents the *animus* of them all—opposed the election of Mr. Garrison. His only expressed reason, so far as I have heard, was that he had formerly opposed the election of Theodore Parker, and that he thought Mr. Garrison objectionable for the same reasons. No doubt both these persons are odious to him, alike for their Anti-Slavery ideas and labors, and their freedom of thought in other directions; but what a reason is this to offer for barring the door of a literary association against men nobly eminent in literary labors! Hon. Richard H. Dana honored himself by stating why the choice of Mr. Garrison as an associate of that body was suitable and desirable, and the election proceeded without further dissent.

It is said that a son of Dr. Southside Adams, of this city, a member of the class of 1860 at Harvard, thought fit to appear with his class at the late Commencement, notwithstanding the fact that his sympathies were so coincident with the paternal ones as to lead him down South soon after graduation, and even, if report says truly, at a certain period of the war into the rebel army. A committee of some military members of his class (the story goes) was appointed to suggest to him the unwillingness of the body to associate with him on such an occasion, and to request the favor of his departure, which

scriptions to the stipulated salary, only because their pastors have preached loyalty to the Government as a duty imperative upon all men.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, July, 17, 1865.

To the Editor Anti-Slavery Standard.

It is always most unfortunate for men in power to hesitate in adopting the just side of an important question; but it is peculiarly unfortunate for the country that Mr. Johnson should conclude—as we must believe he has, from his proceedings—that colored suffrage is inexpedient. He cannot think that he has no power to allow the loyal citizens of the South to vote, irrespective of color. If he believed that the regulation of suffrage was a State right, and that the geographical divisions of the South are *States* competent to claim and exercise all their rights under the Constitution, he would not appoint Governors for them. If so he could appoint a Governor for New York or for Pennsylvania. He would not say to them, as he does in effect, "your system of slavery is abolished; you must make your Constitution, and laws consistent with abolition." He does not say such a word to Delaware or Kentucky. If, then, the government in those Geographical Divisions is about being set up by the loyal people, and President Johnson does not say that *all* loyal citizens shall vote, it must be because he thinks it inexpedient. And as I have before remarked, this is peculiarly unfortunate.

The people of Philadelphia have made vast progress on questions of reform. They will listen with much more patience, and judge, with much more candor now than when they hooted down Passmore Williamson for endangering "the fall trade," or acquiesced in Mayor Henry's decision that George William Curtis ought not to speak in National Hall. They would not remove the Anti-Slavery Fair tables out of Concert Hall, now. But this high tide of liberality, which swelled to such a pitch of loyalty during the war, is in danger of subsiding. Our newspapers are faithless; there is none in the whole city which dares to argue the rightfulness of colored suffrage. The *Press*, which has always been looked upon as the liberal organ, in its poor degree, is owned, as you know, by Colonel Forney. It dare say nothing which by any possibility could be construed into opposition to the President; for Forney catches a good share of the drippings from the Government. And any man of common sense knows that to argue the rightfulness or the policy of giving the ballot to the colored men is to disagree with the President. While many of our newspapers that do speak out hesitate to admit that they are not faithful "supporters of the administration," no argument is needed to define the fact. So the *Press* is always silent, if not sometimes positively treacherous.

I enclose you the letter of "Occasional," published in that paper of July 3. You may perhaps publish it, as you have other letters from the same pen over the same soubriquet. If so will it not be impaled in the first column of the first page?

Not only the people of Philadelphia, but of our whole State, are sound upon the suffrage question. The country papers, almost without exception, are "talking out in meeting" on it, without waiting for the assent or direction of what are supposed to be the leading journals and most influential men.

It is shameful that popular sentiment, so hard always to be turned into the true channel, should now be obstructed, and hindered in its course, by supposed friends as well as declared enemies.

BRUIN.

GENERAL HATCH AGAIN.

THE OTHER PICTURE.

MALDEN, Mass., July 20, 1865.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I DID not think, when I wrote to you the other day about Bvt.-Maj.-Gen. Hatch, that I should be compelled, by the same spirit of impartiality which prompted me to praise him for his good deeds, to present so soon another picture, which warrants his impeachment before the bar of history. But, as I did not seek to flatter him then, but to do him justice merely, I will not try to shield him now.

I have just received from one of the most excellent and reliable citizens of Charleston, a private letter respecting the recent reported outrages, from which I send you the extract subjoined:

Yours truly, JAMES REDPATH.

After stating how, on my suggestion, the Union Leagues had resolved themselves into adult schools, and had determined to go to work and teach all the grown up people in the district to read in order to qualify themselves to exercise the duties of citizenship, the writer says:

The Home Guards and the Mutual Aid Society (both colored) were the only bodies to pay any respect to the Fourth of July. With the exception of the national salutes the city had a Sunday face on. Every store was closed—in fact, all business was suspended. By rebel influence over Hatch and Gurney, these Generals refused permission for any ovation whatsoever. Members of the League wrote to Gen. Gillmore complaining of it, and he issued an order directing that they must celebrate the day. Hence the order from Gen. Gurney suspending business.

We are having a hard time of it here with the military. As soon as the 127th left with *their* wanton cruelties, the 165th Zouaves, Col. Duryea's command, were in their place; and, oh, God, where could such fiends come from? The colored people were knocked down, robbed, etc. Last Saturday night, in the market, they went up to a colored man who was selling eggs. They upset his basket and broke his eggs. He said it was beautiful for soldiers who were sent to protect them to act so. *The Zouave drew his bayonet and thrust him. He died on the spot.* On, they went—striking colored persons about the head and face with knocks and slungshots. A general row commenced. The 54th (Mass. 54th) Guard came. The Zouaves left, but to return with heavy force. The 54th left. *The Zouaves then fell on the people. They fled—a number of them severely wounded.* The rebels have to do with the whole matter. Zouaves and rebels were always together. There were street-fights daily with Zouaves and rebels. NO NOTICE WHATEVER WAS TAKEN BY THE COMMANDERS OF THE POST OR DISTRICT UNTIL THIS SATURDAY NIGHT when the row cost life. Then the General ordered them out of the city. About two-thirds left. The remainder were secreted by the rebels in different parts of the city. *They continued their depredations on Sunday and Monday in disguise as citizens.* Where did they get the clothes? From the rebels. Strange this regiment should be sent here. Three weeks ago, forty of them were sentenced to be shot (but pardoned) for disobedience at Fort Pulaski. They were sent from the city of Savannah for cruelties on colored persons. "There's something rotten in the state of Denmark."

I am impressed that the Copperheads are determined to create dissatisfaction among the colored people against the Government. These cruelties being performed by U. S. troops they say to many—see how your Northern friends treat you. Is it not better for you to be slaves? Your freedom won't do much good for your people. Your supposed friends intend to treat you worse than your masters. They wish to get you out of the country.

But it don't take. The colored people called a mass meeting at Zion Church on Monday the 10th inst., and passed these resolutions:

Resolved, That we the colored citizens of South Carolina, residing in the city of Charleston, deem it right and proper that we should know from the Commander of this district what may be the cause of our molestation by those whom the Government has placed here for the protection of all loyal citizens. We are quite sure of our peaceful conduct in the community, and if we cannot obtain proper information from the authorities and be redressed we will appeal to the Government at Washington. We are determined not to permit further any intrusions upon our rights as loyal citizens, nor infractions upon the Government of the United States.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published, etc.

The *Courier* attempts to blame the colored people for all—political capital. (The *Courier* is edited by a renegade Northerner, who is trying to crawl into the good graces of the traitors.)

No doubt, in reconstruction the colored people in the country are very much imposed upon in the way of contract. Some are working for a hundredth part of a crop—not to the *hand* but to the *whole*; which won't pay more than 5 per. per annum. The military won't let an Anti-Slavery man go in the interior if they know him in South Carolina. The rebels are influencing the men whose theirs votes they would cut if an opportunity offered.

[But that same Charleston *Courier*, on the 18th inst., has to own up as follows, about those New York Zouaves sent to PROTECT loyal and peaceable citizens in that city. And just so as to the blame, it probably is, in all collisions between the regiments and the colored people, whenever the late rebels are in any degree implicated. —ED STANDARD.]

We regret to learn that the 165th Regt. New York Volunteers (Duryea's Zouaves), since the part taken by them in late disturbances, and their subsequent removal to Morris Island, have exhibited a very unbecoming if not mutinous spirit of insubordination.

This unsoldierly and inexcusable conduct on the part of veterans, more particularly, called forth a peremptory order from Gen. Gillmore, who, a veteran soldier himself, exacts the strictest discipline of his command, taking away the colors of the Zouaves.

In accordance with this order, Gens. Hatch and Bennett, accompanied by their respective staffs, proceeded last week to Morris Island for the purpose indicated. The order of Gen Gillmore was read to the Colonel in command of the Zouaves, and the colors demanded. The Colonel refused to obey the order to deliver up his colors. He was thereupon placed in close arrest, the order made known to the second officer in command, and a similar demand made upon him for the colors. This officer at first also gave a flat refusal. To this Gen Hatch explained to him the consequences of his refusal, and defined the difference between disobedience of orders, of which his superior officer, the Colonel, had been guilty, and mutiny, with which he, as the subordinate, would be charged.

The officer, after this explanation, promised to deliver the colors. The guard was formed and marched to the boat, but upon reaching it, were found to be in possession of the staffs and rubber, but no colors. The ruse did not succeed. On its discovery, Gen. Bennett was ordered by Gen. Hatch to take a detachment of the 47th Pennsylvania Regt. and disarm the whole Zouave Regt. The regiment was marched into Fort Wagner, the guns having been previously loaded with grape and canister and trained on the parade ground. The parapet was manned by the 47th Pennsylvania Regt. and a detachment of the 3d Rhode Island Artillery. Their orders were, in case of any resistance, to fire on the mutinous troops.

The Zouaves, seeing all further opposition useless, quietly stacked their arms and marched out of the fort. The officers and men were marched, under guard, on board a steamer, which conveyed them to Fort Sumter, there to expiate, under a broiling sun, the crime of resistance to constituted authority.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

THE experiment of class legislation has been so long and thoroughly tried by the human family, under every form of government and in every latitude and longitude, that we need no argument to prove that one class cannot legislate for another.

Despotisms, monarchies, and republics have alike shown its fallacies. The facts of centuries with their sad results, and the protest of far-seeing men in all ages are against the principle of aristocracy. Justice and logic clearly show that there is no safe resting point in legislation this side of universal suffrage.

No honest mind can present a plausible argument in favor of any class legislation, that does not logically go back to a monarchy, a royal family, an order of nobility; in fact to a form of government and social life directly opposite to the genius of true republican institutions.

The question for to day is not how or where to limit the right of suffrage, but where did the privileged few get their power to deprive the masses of their inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?

Where does the aristocrat get his authority to forbid poor men, ignorant men, and black men, the exercise of their rights? The cool impudence of these pirates in civil rights, who look in the faces of disenfranchised citizens and talk of the dangers of extending the privileges they claim for themselves, is only equalled by the boldness of their reasoning.

All this talk about education and property qualification is the narrow assumption of a rotten aristocracy. How can we grade wealth and education?

Shall he who is rich in ideas and noble deeds be denied the right of suffrage because he hoards no gold in his coffers?

Shall a man of sound judgment and executive talent who can thread his own way through the world of matter or thought, whose touch is genius turning alike pig-iron, potter's clay, or cotton to gold,—shall he be disfranchised because he never had time to learn the signs of Cadmus, or because by the statute laws of his State he was forbidden to read and write, or amass property in his own name?

Let leaden minds beware how they invoke the popular thought in such absurdities. We have tried class legislation and found it a dead failure.

No country ever has had or ever will have peace until every citizen has a voice in the government. Now let us try universal suffrage. We cannot tell its dangers or delights until we make the experiment. At all events let us leave behind us the dead skin of class legislation which, in the progress of civilization, we have, at last, outgrown.

E. C. S.

SHOW YOUR HANDS.

[THE following, from the Norristown (Pa.) *Herald and Republican*, has a good ring, and represents a large portion of the country Press of that State:]

Upon the sole, only, live question now before the people, the newspapers that profess to lead liberal sentiment in Pensylvania hang fire and refuse to express themselves. Forney's *Press* wil not say whether the loyal black men of the South should join in reconstructing, reorganising, or whatever it may be termed, the rebel States, or whether it should be left entirely in the hands of disloyal men. The Harrisburg *Telegraph* would be false to its ancient character if it declared an opinion on any question till the popular and the safe side was entirely plain. And the Chambersburg *Repository* gravely mounts the fence and surveys all sides, ready to be told by authority where to jump.

Must these "leading" journals wait to be assured by everybody, before they dare to espouse the right side on a question of principle? Then let us say to them that the loyal Union men of Pensylvania declare this to be their unalterable opinion: That,

No loyal man in the rebellious States should be refused a right conferred upon a rebel. And that,

No loyal man in the rebellious States, competent to vote, should be deprived of that right, be his color what it may.

Why not? Why should there be any question about this matter? How dare we hesitate? Can we reward our enemies and trample under foot our friends? Can we confer the right to reorganise the State Governments on men who have just been mustered out of a service devoted to the destruction of the government and the slaughter of its defenders, while we withhold it from the pilots who led our suffering prisoners, starved and tortured by rebel hands, through the by-ways and secret passes out to the old Flag and Freedom?

No! it is impossible. Such a course would not be politic. It would not be republican. It would not be Democratic. *It would not be just.* It commends itself to a coward, and a cheat, but it is repulsive to the conscience of an honest and honorable man. The loyal people of Pennsylvania have no sympathy with it, and on their behalf, as one of their representatives, we are proud and glad to declare so. This is no time for professedly liberal men to stultify and quench an honest popular opinion. This is no time for loyal newspapers to be hesitating and doubtful, when a question that vitally concerns the welfare of the country is under consideration. The popular heart is right. Every Union county paper in the State of Pensylvania is ready to declare, or has already declared, the simple truths which we have endeavored to set forth in this article. Now, if we have no leaders, let us go forward in a popular movement without them. And when it comes to the State Convention at Harrisburg, there must be such an expression in its resolutions, as can be understood clearly by all, above or beneath it in position.

JEWELS OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

A "SPECIAL" Correspondent of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, attending commencement at Dartmouth College, writes thus, under date, Hanover N. H., July 17, 1865.

Referring to the last triennial of Dartmouth—imprint of 1864—I find that you require of me a report of the proceedings, the ceremonies and the reunions of the *ninety-fourth* Commencement Week of this honored conservator of letters and learning.

Standing here on the college lawn and gazing at the venerable chapel—from whose site have arisen to heaven the prayers of the Wheelocks, Eleazar and John, of Brown, Dana, Tyler and Lord,—the reflective mind cannot resist the influences and the solemn memories that hover around the consecrated place.

Here have met for daily devotion and for after resort to the professors and tutors, lectures and recitations, scores and hundreds of the since learned, eminent, wise, good and great of the land. Here have been moulded some of the greatest minds, here have been trained some of the profoundest intellects that have honored and blessed our beloved country. Here, as overseers, convened year after year some of the noblest patriots of our revolutionary epoch, Meshech Weare, John Langdon, John Sullivan, and Josiah Bartlett, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. And a decade farther on we note the names of John Taylor Gilman, Timothy Farrar, Samuel Bell, Jeremiah Smith and Charles Marsh, and last but not least is one of their contemporaries, William Plummer. Here some of the most erudite judges of New England courts received their first lessons in college lore—Samuel Sumner Wilde, Joel Parker, Ether Shepley and Ira Perley. Here some of the greatest legal minds, the most astute jurists and most consummate constitutional lawyers of the Union have recited their daily tasks—Joseph Bell, Levi Woodbury and Daniel Webster. Here some of the most masterly advocates and most accomplished forensic orators and debators of the country gave early promise of a brilliant future—Ezekial Webster, Richard Fletcher, Ichabod Bartlett and Rufus Choate. Hence have passed to their professional studies and to fame some of the most logical and subtle of the theologians of the *ancient* school—Samuel Wood, David Porter, Moses Bradford, Elijah Parish and Walter Harris. From these classic shades in 1796 emerged into earnest, practical life, and upon a long course of powerful effort in the cause of human progress and general education, Philander Chase, the great and good Episcopal Bishop of Illinois. From hence George Perkins Marsh, of the class of 1820, passed to a high and enduring renown in the fields of philology, of belle lettres and diplomacy. Here, finally, a son of New Hampshire, a politician of earnest and conscientious convictions, a statesman of comprehensive conceptions, a jurist of profound grasp of thought and extent of research, and a man of spotless integrity, graduated in 1826. And now, the millions of a redeemed and regenerated Nation believe that through the illuminating influences of his future official opinions—which shall accord with the spirit of the age, with the best interpretations of Scripture and with the sublime and at last *living* teachings of our immortal Declaration—the escutcheon of the Supreme Court of the United States will ultimately be relieved from the dark stains of the Dred Scott decision.

TELLIAMED.

SHALL THE CONTEST BE RENEWED?

UNDER this head, the Roxbury (MASS.) *Journal* has an excellent article, showing the danger as well as flagrant injustice of reconstruction on such a basis as is now in progress; as it will allow the South tore new a contest with ballots in which they have failed with bullets, and with almost certain success. For he says, truly, that those in the nation who now prefer a white rebel to a black Unionist *may* be converted back to the old subserviency to slavery. The article closes as follows:

So, at the moment when we ought to have convinced those men that they were *entirely* conquered—that slavery, and all the ideas and associations connected with it, had gone under forever in this country—we hold out this bait of hope to them in an opposite direction. They catch at it eagerly, of course. We hear of them all over the South as preparing to embark in politics, with their old views and prejudices as their capital. The bastard and bogus governments in Virginia and Louisiana, which are the only ones thus far in operation, are completely controlled by men of the spirit which made the rebellion. Gov. Pierpont and his satellites in the one State, sprinkle their debates with anti-abolition slang; Gov. Wells, in the other, repudiates Gen. Banks, who called him into being, and turns squarely against all the ideas on which this war has been fought. There are not brains enough in the Virginia and Louisiana governments to disguise the treasonable spirit of their members. But it will probably be different in North Carolina and Georgia. Our danger is, that they will play a deeper game there, and wear the mask of loyalty till their hold of power is assured.

We are thus threatened with a reappearance of the old leaders of the South in the councils of the nation. They come back, not as converted men, but for the purpose of gaining for their views a success in this sphere which they failed to secure in the conflict of arms. The opportunity tendered them in the immediate restoration of power to their hands will be eagerly embraced; nay, it is eagerly embraced already. The oath of allegiance troubles them not at all; Reverdy Johnson has taught them how to take it with a reservation. They mean to come back to us for the purpose of again controlling the policy of the nation. They have done this before, and mean to do it again. It is not so difficult a matter as some may imagine. With the negroes disfranchised, the South is practically a unit again on national politics, and comes into Congress with almost a hundred solid votes. Add thirteen to these, and one ton from the North, as the new apportionment with blacks *all* counted, will render necessary, and then this section has only to secure the aid of a few dark spots in the North to give it the majority. With a vivid remembrance of the character of the voters in New York city, New Jersey, and elsewhere, there is no safety that this majority will not be obtained. If it is obtained who can foretell the consequences? Slavery may be reenacted in defiance of the National Government, for the doctrine of State rights will afford an excuse for non-interference. *The war debt may be repudiated. The men whom it was contracted to subdue, can never be trusted to pay it.* They hate it, as the instrument of their discomfiture; yet it remains with them and New Jersey, New York city, and Southern Indiana and Illinois to say if it shall be paid.

The whites of the South cannot be trusted. If political power is to be resumed at present in that section, it must go into loyal hands. As a rule the only loyal hands are black hands. When we disfranchise blacks, we disfranchise nearly everything that is reliable there. It is of the last importance this should be borne in mind. The question rises above partisan considerations. It is one that vitally affects our national security. It is really as dangerous to allow the rebels to arm themselves with ballots as with bullets, unless we have a counteracting power. That power the black man only can furnish. We have encouraged the Southern leaders greatly by excluding him from the suffrage thus far. They are preparing to renew the old strife that made the war, in the civil councils of the Nation. The signs of this are unmistakable, and have already convinced the great mass of loyal men of the North that no reconstruction of rebel States is safe or healthy which does not include a voting element that shall offset and control the suffrages of those lately in rebellion.

LOUISIANA.

THE following extracts are taken from a letter to the N. Y. *Christian Enquirer.*

Last year, under the promises which the labor-order contained, the freedmen worked well. Employers, without exception, so far as I know, acknowledged this. But they worked because they expected pay. Their wages seemed sure. The order provided they should have a lien on the crop in preference to all other creditors. Their best friends could find no fault with this arrangement. For my part, I never thought of such a thing as their not being paid. One contingency, however, we all overlooked, and which, indeed, if suggested, one would have thought too improbable to be taken into consideration—and that happened. There was no crop! One of those disasters which happen once in many years occurred; the army-worm ravaged the cotton-fields. Men whose operations were with reference to a hundred bales, made ten; and not a few managed quietly to dispose of the ten. The lessees of plantations were speculators as a class, and put little capital of their own into the enterprise. Nothing comes of nothing. The hard-working colored people had drawn, through the season, some provisions and clothes, but got scarcely anything, often nothing, when the time for settlement came. Such, as I understand it, was the state of things when the scanty ingathering was made last fall.

THE RESULT.

If negroes are cheated one year, it is difficult to convince them that they will be paid for their labor the next. They reason from their limited knowledge. They have but one lamp by which their feet are guided. They were assured of their wages last year and deceived. "It will be the same this year." Hence a loss of labor to the country. The wonder is that so many work, for in point of fact the large mass of negroes are to-day working under the guarantees of the new order.

LET FEUDALISM PERISH.

Allow me to express the hope that the large plantation system will pass away, under the spirit of progress. It is fruitful of many of the evils of slavery. These huge plantations must be owned by men who, as lords of the soil, have almost irresponsible power, or be *run* by adventurers. Give us farmers instead; men who have what help they need, and may be relied upon to pay their laborers.

SHALL THE NEGROES VOTE?

On this subject I feel impelled to speak in each letter. Cry aloud; spare not. Returned soldiers, even while paroled prisoners, are publicly drinking Jefferson Davis's health in this beautiful town. (I am happy to say the drinkers were in jail by the time the liquor had reached their stomachs.) I am beginning to think drowning the best discipline for the bottom-lands of Louisiana. Cut the levees! A medium-sized ark would save all the Union men.

T. D. H.

LOYALTY AND SUFFRAGE.

[THE Republican State Central Committee of Massachusetts have issued an Address to the people of that State from which the following is extracted:]

"The people of the Free States do not intend to enter upon any crusade against the ancient right of the States to fix the qualifications of voters. Whether such qualifications be of property or of education, or of age and sex alone, is a matter of State concern, with which no one desires to intermeddle. But when the late rebel communities, denuded by their own act of their State governments, without legislative, executive or judicial departments, without even a justice or a constable who can legally exercise the functions of civil office, come forward as suppliants for pardon and for restoration into the family of States, it is an exercise on our part of the simplest instinct of self-defense if we require that all constitutional and statute provisions, all customs, and usages, and traditions, solely based upon that institution of slavery which was the origin and mainspring of the rebellion, shall be made to give way. Laws and ordinances made for the government of chattels must not be perpetuated for the government of men. We do not ask the President or Congress to make use of any doubtful powers; but the power to preserve what the valor of our soldiers and sailors has won is not doubtful; the power to keep the country from again falling into the possession of an aristocracy of caste—the power to preserve us from another quarter of a century of slavery agitation, to be followed, perhaps, by new rebellions and more devastating wars, is a power which the people will not relinquish, and which their servants, we cannot doubt, will, sooner or later, be obliged to use. Loyalty, as everybody admits, must be insisted on as the indispensable qualification of all voters, no matter whether constitutions or laws prescribe it or not. But a dark skin, or a trace more or less distinct of African descent, is no evidence of disloyalty. Nor is it any test of intelligence. It is simply a badge of that servitude which we have been obliged to abolish in order to preserve the National existence. Shall we consent to the restoration of the rebel communities under the two-fifths constitutional provision, which greatly enlarges the political power of their voting population, and under a system which excludes from the polls a loyal people quite as intelligent as the great body of the Whites, whose good will toward our government has helped to save it from destruction, and whose continued friendliness will be no less indispensable in the future?

"It is no answer to this to say that some of the loyal States do not allow colored men to vote, and that we may as well undertake to exclude Ohio from the Union as to keep South Carolina from coming back with full Congressional powers. Such inequalities, when they have not endangered the loyalty of the State where they exist, and where they do not threaten hereafter to put in peril the public peace, may be safely left to the reviving spirit of justice in the Northern people, stimulated to friendliness towards a race which has performed for us a useful National service. At any rate, we possess and claim no right to interfere with the electoral laws of loyal States. But the rebel States, as everybody admits, are in a condition which requires reconstruction, or restoration, and which justifies guardianship and the strictest watchfulness on the part of our government and people. Whatever safeguards may be found necessary for the permanent pacification of the country, and for the fulfillment of the National pledge of freedom, in spirit as well as in letter, to the enfranchised blacks, must be insisted upon."

NEW JERSEY.—The little article on the first page today should have been credited Somerset, New Jersey, instead of New York. It was copied to show that the State is not wholly lost, though its Republican Convention last week did give the colored soldier another expression of its appreciation and gratitude, by negativing his right to vote in a government for which he has shown his willingness to fight and die. The candidate for Governor is well reported; and it is to be hoped he is a good deal better than the body that nominated him.

THE DUNDERBERG.

[THE great sea monster, Dunderberg, was launched in a most magnificent manner last Saturday morning, amid the shouts and acclamations of a concourse of spectators numbering, notwithstanding the rain, at least twenty thousand. We condense the following account from the *Times* of Monday morning:]

SUCCESSFUL LAUNCH OF THE LARGEST IRON-CLAD IN THE WORLD—THE GRAND SPECTACLE WITNESSED BY TWENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE.—GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE VESSEL.

THE LAUNCH.

For months past a formidable-looking craft, of extraordinary dimensions and strange model, has been growing on the stocks in the ship-yard of W. H. Webb, Esq., at the foot of Sixth-street, East river, which has excited no little wonder in naval circles, as well as in the minds of people generally.

Saturday the great ship was successfully, triumphantly launched, and took possession of the sea, which she is henceforth to rule.

At 8:15, Admiral Gregory, accompanied by Commodore Ringgold and staff, came on the ground, and occupied a special stand near the bow of the vessel, from whence they were enabled to overlook the whole ground and see the vessel glide off the ways and across the river.

At precisely 9 o'clock there were about 900 persons on board, and more were ascending the gangway ladder, tickets in hand, urging forward for admittance, which was gained through one of the amidship ports. An immense throng filled the yard, and the dull heavy sound of the hundred wedge-drivers under her bottom, thugged out upon the dull heavy atmosphere. Two minutes past 9 o'clock a hum ran along the edge of the throng next the ways. Three minutes past 9 a wild huzza rang out. She had started! and as she slowly moved down the ways the scene became intensely exciting; the wildest enthusiasm prevailed on board and on shore.

The Dunderberg entered the water in a manner surprising to everybody conversant with launches. She cut the water like a knife, and did not raise a swell a foot in height. This fact proves the extreme beauty and fineness of her lines, and the faultlessness of her form, and was the subject of common remark among experienced shipbuilders and shipmasters, who know the importance of this demonstration.

Before the ship had been one hundred feet on her sliding trip, large volumes of smoke came rolling up from under her bows, and were blown by the high easterly wind back over the multitude assembled in the yard. This smoke was caused by the friction of the heavy weight—280 tons—going at such speed over the ways, which were lubricated with tallow and castile soap. The effect was beautiful in the extreme, and attracted much attention.

No accident of the most trifling character occurred to mar the pleasure or enjoyment of the occasion; and in less than an hour from the time she started from her cradle in New-York, she had crossed the East River twice, and was in her berth safe and sound as a nut.

It will be several months before the Dunderberg will be ready for service, now that we have no pressing need of her; but should her services be required, it would not take long to fit her out for active duty.

DESCRIPTION OF THE VESSEL.

The Dunderberg is a sea-going iron-clad frigate ram of 5,090 tons register, 5,000 horse power, and is to carry an armament of four 15-inch Rodman and fourteen 11-inch Dahlgren guns. With these few facts before us, we will be able to comprehend in some small degree the magnitude of the vessel as well as the enormous power of her heavy armament, which, numerically, in calibre has no equal in the history of naval architecture and ordnance.

Extreme length, 380 feet 4 inches; extreme beam, 72 feet 10 inches; depth of hold, 22 feet 7 inches; height of casemate, 7 feet 9 inches; length of ram bow, 50 feet; draft when ready for sea, 21 feet; displacement, 7,000 tons; tonnage, 5,090 tons; weight of iron armor, 1,000 tons. Dimensions of engines and boilers, etc., are as follows: Boilers, 6 main and 2 donkey, total 8 boilers; depth of boilers, 13 feet; height of boilers, 17 feet 6 inches; length of boilers, 21 feet 5 inches; weight of boilers, 450 tons; boiler surface, 30,000 feet; grate surface, 1,200 feet; condensing surface, 12,000 square feet; pitch of propeller, 27 to 30 feet; weight of propeller, 34,586 pounds; capacity of coal bunkers, 1,000 tons; actual horse-power, 5,000; nominal horse-power, 1,500.

The peculiarity of the model of the Dunderberg has naturally attracted much attention, and caused much discussion among naval architects. The floor is flat, and the sides slope up and outward at an angle which it is believed will make this vessel very easy in a sea-way; far more so than the sea-going iron-clads of Europe. Those who have been favored with a view of the cross-sections of the Warrior, La Gloire, or even of our Dictator, cannot fail to see the buoyancy and ease with which the Dunderberg must sit in the water and move to the motion of the waves. It is expected that she will be as comfortable while crossing the ocean as an old-fashioned sailing frigate.

While great care has been taken by Mr. Webb to make this vessel safe in deep water, resistless in attack, he has not lost sight of the necessity of offering the greatest possible resistance to the shot of an antagonist. For this purpose he has combined a huge mass of timber with the protective powers of the best hardened iron plates, which are four and a half inches in thickness. This cladding will be secured to the hull and casemate by means of screw bolts, which will not pass through the sides; consequently, in action, there will be no bolts or bolt-heads or nuts flying about the decks, killing and maiming the crew.

The hull of the ship is composed of several hundred thousand feet of the best seasoned timber, put together in the most thorough manner. Her floor is flat, the sides angular, and the ends extremely sharp. The hull bears upon its upper deck a long casemate, in which all of her armament will be placed. It is pierced with twenty-one gun-ports. The main hull is built of several layers of logs or square timbers, so securely bolted together that it does not seem possible that any ordinary accident could seriously damage her. This huge fabric is trussed and braced with diagonal straps of iron, which are bolted inside of the solid frame. The hold, from the main deck to the keel, is 22 feet 7 1-2 inches in depth, which gives her a register of 5,090 tons.

Longitudinal and transverse bulkheads divide the vessel at intervals, giving her strength and security in case of stranding or being injured in action. The engines and boilers are inclosed by transverse iron bulkheads, which reach from the floor up to the main deck.

The casemate is the protection provided for the guns and men in action, and is truly a wonderful combination of strength, mechanical roominess, and, in fact, of all the requisites of a war vessel which will occupy her position in event of actual service. It is built upon the spar deck of logs several feet in thickness, securely bolted together. It is nearly nine feet in height, and is full seven feet in height inside. The top is covered with a heavy wooden deck, over which is laid another iron bomb-proof deck, making it impervious to shot and shell.

The ram of the Dunderberg is a part of the vessel itself, and not a detached mass, as is the case of most ram-ships. To form this beak, the ship is solid for over fifty feet, and sharpened off so as to form this terrible instrument of destruction. This is sheathed over with heavy armor, to prevent its being injured while ramming a vessel.

The Dunderberg will have two masts, the forward one being fitted with yards, and she can spread several thousand yards of canvass.

THE ENGINES, BOILERS, ETC., ETC.

The Dunderberg will have two horizontal back-acting condensing engines of 5,000 horse-power. The cylinders are each 100 inches in diameter with 45 inches stroke of piston, and are placed on the starboard side of the vessel side by side. The engines are provided with Allen's patent surface condenser 10 feet wide, 26 feet long, and 5 feet deep. The air circulating and condensing pumps are worked by independent engines; each engine has a bilge pump. There are four blower engines with very large blowers for ventilating purposes. There is also a reversing engine for each of the main engines, so that a boy could manage them. The engines will make 60 revolutions per minute ordinary steaming, with 25 pounds pressure.

The propeller shaft is 118 feet in length and 18 inches in diameter. The main journals, four in number, are 40 inches in length and have hollow brasses for water circulation, and it is believed that they will give no trouble by heating or melting. There are thirteen collars at the thrust bearing and a ball thrust as additional safety.

There are six main and two donkey boilers. The main boilers are 13 feet deep, 17 feet 6 inches high, and 21 feet 5 inches front, with sixty furnaces in two tiers. The smoke-pipe is 13 feet in diameter, and is shot-proof when it passes through the casemates. The most perfect ventilation will be maintained in the boiler-room at all times. The cost of the engine and boilers will be over a half million of dollars. The contract rate of speed will be *fifteen knots per hour.* In every respect the Dunderberg will be the ship of the age, and her performances will no doubt create a sensation here as well as in Europe. She will receive her boilers and the balance of her engines as soon as they can be put on board.

Summary.

The popular song of Ben. Bolt has netted to the publishers, Peters & Sons, Cincinnati, upwards of $18,000.

A General Convention of the friends of the Temperance Reform is called to meet at Saratoga Springs at 11 a.m. of Tuesday, August 1.

All the rebel prisoners at Fort Warren, excepting Vice-President Stephens and Postmaster Reagan, were released yesterday on taking the oath. They numbered many distinguished officers of the late Confederate army.

The governor of Arkansas writes that the spirit of disloyalty was so evident on the 4th of July throughout that State, that he shall not recommend for the present the pardon of any citizen.

E. W. Capron and Co, of Williamsport, Pa., propose to commence the publication of a daily evening paper, to be called the *Daily Evening Bulletin*, on or about September 1st, 1865.

The New York *Times* Washington dispatch says efforts are making in North Carolina to promote emigration to that State on an extensive scale. A general immigration agency has been established at Raleigh, and over 100,000 acres of land—many mill sites, town and city lots—are offered for sale.

PORTRAIT OF MR. LINCOLN FOR BOSTON.—The full-length portrait of the late President Lincoln, painted by Joseph Ames, and pronounced by Mr. Sumner, Mr. Wilson, and others, to be the best portrait extant of Mr. Lincoln, has been purchased by the city of Boston. It will be placed in Faneuil Hall.

In the Buffalo Police Court it was held last week that ladies are legally entitled to no more privileges in public conveyances than gentlemen, and that when the latter pay for seats they have a perfect right to occupy them so long as they conduct themselves in a proper manner. A conductor was, accordingly, fined $500 for ejecting a man from a car because he refused to give his seat to a woman.

At the late Republican Union State Convention of Iowa, it was

"Resolved, That with proper safeguards to the purity of the ballot-box, the elective franchise should be based upon loyalty to the Constitution and Union, recognizing and affirming the equality of all men before the law; therefore, we are in favor of amending the Constitution of our State by striking out the word 'White' in the article on Suffrage."

SOUTHERN METHODISTS.—More war seems needed to conquer the Southern Churches than States—accounts like the following are not infrequent:

The ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, residing in Missouri, recently held a meeting at Palmyra to take into consideration the condition of the Church, and decide whether it was best to merge their organization into that of the Methodist Church, from which they withdrew in 1844. The committee appointed to deliberate on the subject reported adversely to such a movement.

SECESSIONISTS TRIUMPHING IN THE VIRGINIA ELECTIONS.—The municipal election at Fredericksburg, Va., last week, resulted in the success of the bitterest secessionists in the city. The elections in Virginia afford little encouragement to hope for an early settlement of the difficulties which the suppression of armed rebellion has left to be reconciliated. Whenever and wherever opportunity offers the citizens of that State manifest a disposition to retain or place in power those who are most obnoxious for their complicity in the rebellion and least disposed to aid honestly in the restoration of union and loyalty to the constitution. It is understood that the notorious Mosby intends to run as a candidate for Congress in his district.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.—The Monroe doctrine, as announced by President Monroe in his message of December 2, 1823, is as follows:

"With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence, and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

A private letter from Memphis to a gentleman in New York has the following:

They held a municipal election here yesterday—very spirited (no liquor); to-day one of the heavy workers came into my office, and said: "The Irish bought up the registration office; they carried everything, and own Memphis; and by G——, I go for the negroes voting at next election." True, and his exact words; and so the negroes will be used by the South as voters, and before Illinois, Ohio, Indiana allow; mark my prophecy.

A treaty has been entered into by the Cherokee Indians, stipulating that the Indians in alliance with rebels shall return home and keep peace with the United States.

MARTIAL LAW PROCLAIMED AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.—The city of Springfield is overrun with blacklegs, burglars, garroters (male and female), and harlots, who have congregated to rob the soldiers, as they are paid off and mustered out, of their hard-earned wages. They have turned the city into such a pandemonium that the Mayor, unable to stay the flood of crime, has requested Gen. Cook, with the military force under his command, to undertake the government of the city, and to deal with the villains in a summary manner. Gen. Cook has consented to do so, and yesterday took possession of the city with a few companies of soldiers, who are acting as patrolmen or military police. We trust that Gen. Cook will do his work thoroughly, and make such an example of these miscreants that they will wish they had met his soldiers on the field of battle rather than in the streets of Springfield.—*Chicago Tribune.*

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.—There are only two States in the Union where the negro is allowed to vote without a property qualification. They are Vermont and New Hampshire, the former of whom has only eighty negro voters, and the latter one hundred and ninety.

In Massachusetts every voter must, within two years, have paid a State or County tax, unless excused from taxation.

In Rhode Island a voter must own real estate of one hundred and thirty-four dollars value, or of the clear yearly value of seven dollars over any ground rent.

A colored person is not allowed to vote in New York unless he has resided in the State three years, and is a freeholder in value of two hundred and fifty dollars, and paid taxes thereon.

WILL THEY TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES?—Mr. Thomas Drew, lately on a flying visit from North Carolina, tells us (says the *Boston Commonwealth*) that the negroes in the western part of that State are making two or three dollars per day at re-washing the dirt in the gold mines, from which gold has been once extracted. It would have been a long time before any southern white would have thought of such means of earning a livelihood, and much longer before he would have "condescended" to an employment so foreign to his notions of respectability as washing the gold from other people's "leavings."

THE WIDOW OF AARON BURR.—One of the oldest inhabitants of this city has passed away. On last Sunday morning, Madame Eliza B. Jumel died at Washington Heights, in the 92d year of her age. She was for a short time the wife of the notorious Aaron Burr, and played a conspicuous part in social life in this city, fifty years ago

Miscellaneous Department.

GOD WILL LEAVE ME JIM.

"Soldier! say, did you meet my Jimmy in the fight?
You'd know him by his manliness and by his eyes' sweet light."

"I fought beside your gallant son—a brave, good fellow he;
Alas! he fell beneath the shot that should have taken me.

"I often heard the Captain say, Jim was a splendid lad—
The bravest and the handsomest of all the boys he had;
And here's a lock of Jimmy's hair, and here's a golden ring,
I found it tied around his neck upon a silken string."

The mother took the matted tress, she took the ring of gold,
But shook her head, and laughed aloud at what the soldier told.

"Soldier," said she, "where is my boy—where is my brave boy, Jim?
I gave the others all to God, but God, He left me him.

"Hush! there is Uncle Abraham, a-knocking at the door,
He calls for other mothers' sons—three hundred thousand more!
Go still, old Uncle Abraham—'twill do no good to call;
You think my house is full of boys—ah, Jimmy was my all!"

MARY H. C. BOOTH.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.*

From the (London) Athenæum.

When a good subject falls into competent hands, it is an excellent thing for the subject, the author, and for the public also. This has happened in the case of the volume of which Mr. Staunton is partly the compiler and partly the writer. He has told nearly all that is worth telling of eleven endowed schools, and, by way of appendix, he has added interesting accounts of the four chief modern proprietary schools, Cheltenham, Marlborough, Rossall, and Wellington. If to these he had only added Durham and Ipswich, his chronicle and record would have been complete.

There are two points on which Mr. Staunton speaks out with praiseworthy force and eloquence, and he finds support and authority from the Reports of the Royal Commissioners as well as from the general voice. Those points are "fagging" and "flogging." The former is not now marked by the brutal degradation which once distinguished it, except, perhaps, at Eton; but there has been amendment even here, where the cruelty and humiliation of the system have never been properly known to the masters themselves. Young Eton fags have in their day lived under a reign of terror the horrors of which the worst victim of them dared not betray. Then with regard to flogging, according to the fashion from which none of the great schools have altogether departed, in that too there has been some amelioration; it is less frequently and less cruelly administered than of old; but a form of correction which brutalizes and humiliates both parties concerned should be reformed altogether. At Shrewsbury, the rule is that the floggings shall not exceed six in number in the same half-year. The seventh great offender may go beyond his predecessors in naughtiness, but he undergoes a milder penalty. At Merchant Taylors', the punishments are not administered exclusively by the head-master—"the cane is employed" by the under-masters; while at Harrow the monitors, or senior boys, are empowered to punish the juniors, not only by impositions, extra fagging, and reprimand, but by caning, and, when the monitors deem it necessary, by a "public whopping"—that is, in presence of the whole school.

At Winchester, where ancient and modern history is not systematically taught, the study of French and German is compulsory; the same study is at least encouraged at Rugby: at most of the other schools it is permitted rather than cultivated. At all the schools, less value is attached to a knowledge of the living than to that of two of the dead languages. At Merchant Taylors' alone is the study of Hebrew stimulated by especial rewards and prizes.

It is worth our while to profit by the wisdom of Bacon, when considering the question of modern foreign languages as forming part of the education of a gentleman. Bacon remarked that a man went to school, and not to travel, when he entered any foreign country without some previously acquired knowledge of the language spoken there. One modern senator, at least, holds a very different opinion; and he very recently, before a committee of the House of Commons, deposed that he had never learnt French himself, that his boys at Eton had never learnt French, that they were nothing the worse for their ignorance, and that a knowledge of modern languages was less necessary than ever to an Englishman abroad, as all the waiters in foreign hotels could speak English! This was deposing, in other words, that foreign waiters were better taught than some of our English gentlemen. Nevertheless, this senator's view of the case has found supporters in smart but shallow writers in old Tory magazines. In one of these periodicals it was gravely stated that a faculty of acquiring modern languages was one which belonged only to fools—a statement which increases our respect for the latter, as they are evidently not such fools as people once took them to be. Marlborough and Wellington possessed peculiar advantages from their knowledge of French, and Charles the Fifth, who spoke even more languages than those of the various nations over which he ruled, gave but expression to his own experience when he declared that the man of many languages was so many times more a man.

When Cato, at more than eighty years of age, devoted himself to learning Greek, the old scholar tried to master a modern language. When Lord Lyndhurst, at the same advanced age, returned to the study of Greek, the old Chancellor tried to recover the mastery of an ancient tongue. Both men had a faculty for learning, and assuredly neither of them was a fool. A young Roman gentleman was taught Greek, as a young English gentleman *should* be taught French and German, as well as Greek and Latin. When the Rabbis cursed the fathers who allowed their sons to acquire Greek, they did so, not out of dislike to the language, but from political and religious motives. Eton authorities seem to have the same aversion to French as the Rabbis had to Greek, without the same apparent grounds to support them. French is not forbidden at Eton, but it is discouraged. Boys may study it; but they must sacrifice their play-hours for that purpose. However complete a knowledge of the literature of the language they might obtain, their success reckons for nothing in their school position. The instructor (he has sometimes, we believe, been an Englishman) has no position at all, and it is matter for wonder that, under such circumstances, any Eton boy ever acquired confidence enough to exchange half-a-dozen words of salutation with the French teacher of dancing at Eton, M. Venua, who, throughout his long career, *would* speak his own language to all pupils who showed the slightest power to comprehend him.

Some of the cleverest of Englishmen have passed for "stupid" in France when they have tried to express themselves in a language the idiom of which they have not grasped, the grammatical rules of which they have failed to retain, and the sounds of which they had ears to hear, yet have not heard. No foreigner in France is at such miserable disadvantage as the ill-instructed Englishman, who is ignorant even of his deficiencies. The memory of every Englishman who has lived long enough in France to have acquired a perfect familiarity with the language must be able to supply him with recollections of how he has winced and blushed for some of his countrymen. On the other hand, some of our statesmen have spoken French with all the grace and fluency of a native. At the head of these, we may notice Lord Granville, who is, indeed, to the manner born. In old times, if not in the present, a knowledge of English grammar in its simple form of orthography, was neglected for the more perfect cultivation of a tongue that was no longer spoken. When Pulteney won a guinea from Walpole by backing his version of a passage from Horace which Walpole had incorrectly quoted, the winner wrapped it up in paper, in which he had written his express wish that it should be preserved as an "*heir-loome!*" But Westminster was no more ashamed of Pulteney for this once common error of ill-spelling than of Heale, who wrote a treatise, in which he professed to demonstrate that it was lawful for husbands to beat their wives!

A sacred regard for truth and a spirit above all sham and subterfuge belong to the character of a gentleman. Some practice adverse to this regard and spirit is, however, active in one or two schools. At Eton a boy is forbidden to go beyond bounds on pain of a flogging if detected by a master. But every boy goes beyond bounds and is constantly seen by a master, yet the former escapes by "shirking." He pretends to hide, the master pretends not to see, and by this little lie put into action, practical encouragement is given to a transgression which is formally prohibited. At Christ's Hospital, one long-honored "sham" has happily died out. There was one ward to which the company at the public suppers used to be admitted. From the sides of the beds the coarse and dirty towels were on these occasions removed and fine linen napkins hung up in their places, as if they were for the boys' use. The boys, says Leigh Hunt, "saw those *white lies* hanging before them, a conscious imposition," and he confesses the dread he felt lest visitors should bluntly ask him if he and his fellows ever employed such dainty appendages to the toilette.

Among the attractive portions of Mr. Staunton's volume may be noticed the illustrations of old customs. Here is one anent the Charter House:

"In former times there was a curious custom of the School termed 'pulling in,' by which the lower boys manifested their opinion of the seniors in a rough but very intelligible fashion. One day in the year the fags, like the slaves in Rome, had freedom, and held a kind of saturnalia. On this privileged occasion they used to seize the upper boys one by one and drag them from the playground into the Schoolroom, and accordingly as the victim was popular or the reverse he was either cheered and mildly treated or was hooted, groaned at, and sometimes soundly cuffed. The day selected was Good Friday; and, although the practice was nominally forbidden, the officials for many years took no measures to prevent it. One ill-omened day, however, when the sport was at the best, 'the Doctor' was espied approaching the scene of battle. A general *se sauve qui peut* ensued; and in the hurry of flight a meek and quiet lad (the Hon. Mr. Howard), who happened to be seated on some steps, was crushed so dreadfully that, to the grief of the whole school, he shortly after died. 'Pulling in' was thenceforth sternly interdicted. * * * Another custom no longer tolerated was that of 'boxing,' as it was named. On Sundays Charter-house Square used to be a favorite resort of city tradesmen and their families; and the great delight of the boys was to inveigle some of them within the sacred precincts of the Green. When any had been thus entrapped, all the entrances were immediately fastened, and the unlucky prisoners were baited and ridiculed till the sport often turned to earnest, and ended in a general battle. On these occasions, it is right to add, the female visitors were never molested—unless by an excess of gallantry."

Rugby still cherishes the memory of its "great rebellion of 1797." It was caused by a decree of Dr. Ingles that the boys who had broken a tradesman's windows, in revenge for a flogging which one of the lads had incurred through the tradesman's fault, should pay for the damage:

"Tire bolder spirits protested in a round-robin that they should not. The Doctor threatened severe measures, and the boys replied by affixing a petard to his school door and blowing it off the hinges. On the following morning the school-bell rang out what was known to be the tocsin of war. The benches, desks, and wainscotings were torn down from the several Schools, and burnt in the middle of the Close. Personal violence was threatened against the Master himself—the 'Black Tyger,' as he was irreverently called. Matters, indeed, at length became so alarming that the military, in the form of a recruiting party, was called in to restore order. The result, when peace was reestablished, was that some of the rebels were expelled and some were flogged."

MODERN SATIRE.*

From the (London) Reader.

If we may be allowed to compare men to towns, Mr. Hannay is a kind of literary Berwick-upon-Tweed. He belongs, that is to say in literature, neither exactly to England nor Scotland, but sometimes to one, and sometimes to the other. Like that remarkable town, he presents many anomalies. Though a Scotchman he possesses humor, and though a Tory is free from bigotry. Though a gentleman he can quote Greek aptly and accurately, and though a popular author knows the Latin grammar. He is thus widely separated from the well-known mob, who write with anything but ease. Those who are acquainted with his previous works cannot fail to remember the vivid descriptions both of sea and land, and the delicate vein of pathos in "Singleton Fontenoy," and the strong satiric touch and grasp of character in his "Satire and Satirists." And the question naturally arises how is it that, having done thus much, he has not done more? He belongs most certainly not to the average run of minds, but he also cannot be classed with the first-rate order. Epigrammatic without any straining, versatile without being verbose, original without being affected, he has somehow failed to make the impression which might have been expected on the age. The truth is, he has frittered away, almost wasted we would say, his really great powers. There is nothing of his to which we can point, and say it will live. All is promise. No doubt the kind of writing which he has adopted is very lucrative, but though it produces *æs*, is not *ære perennius*. The misfortune is doubly aggravated, because men of Mr. Hannay's stamp are so scarce. Nothing is so rare as humor. It is as rare and as precious as poetry itself. Our great satirist and humorist has lately passed away, and we can scarcely say of him that he performed the task which it was given him to do. We have our doubts whether Becky Sharpe will go down to posterity arm in arm with the great Don of Spain. The Pendennisses, Newcomes, and Warringtons have already the seeds of consumption sown in them. Only such sound constitutions as those of Strepsiades and Falstaffe, and Sporus and Tartuffe can stand the trying climate of immortality. Many a great reputation, not a century old, lies buried in that vast necropolis of authors, the British Museum Library, from which there is no resurrection.

Never was there a time more ripe for the satirist than the present. Never did society so need a Juvenal. The race for riches is fiercer than ever. The bells of St. James's have not ceased, but migrated in a body to the Epsom Downs and the Exchange. Look at our streets. Highwaymen went out with the coaches, but with the railways the era of highwaymen began. At night down the Haymarket patrol Phryne and Lais, those modern Christians, *amicæ omnibus*. In the day through the Parks drive Aspasia and Anonyma, who cannot spell their last assumed names, and are never certain whether they are Mrs. or Miss, though they are neither. Are not these things food for satire? When jobbery is the business of life in high places, and wife-beating the amusement in low; when our noblemen at their *battues* turn themselves into amateur butchers; when Christianity relies upon Mr. Disraeli for its defence, the difficulty is not to write satire.

Take down Juvenal, and see how he reflects our age. He might have walked down Regent-street in an afternoon, or sat in the bay-windows of the Clubhouses of Pall Mall, so modern are his descriptions. In the one, he might have seen how the languid dandy of our days

Ventilet æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum,
Nec subferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ;

in the other

ad Circum jussas prostrare puellas.

He might have dined at the Mansion House, and feasted not indeed on the wild boar, but the turtle,

Animal propter convivia natum.

He might have attended at the exhibitions of the Brothers Davenport, and the Spiritualists and crystal-globe seers, where

Qualiacunque volunt Judæi somnia vendunt.

And lastly, he might have gone to the newspaper offices, and met editors and critics, wondering who of the latter could say

——————librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare.

These evils of modern society have more than once roused men in our days. The text of Tennyson's *Maud* was Juvenal's

——————Savior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.

But everything that Tennyson had to say against the gangrene of modern society, produced, if indeed it be produced, by a long peace, had been far better said in one single speech by Beaumont and Fletcher. Here and there, too, in his earlier poems, we find him striking at the vices of modern life, and more lately in a little piece called *Sea-Dreams*. But he does it in a timid, apologetical sort of way, as if he was afraid of letting his left hand know what his right hand was writing. Recently, too, Mr. Austen brought out his "Season," but he harped too much on one string; and the Seventh Commandment, and all that is included by it, must be as religiously observed in England as the seventh day. Still more lately, Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton produced his "St. Stephens," but when he attempts to wield the sword of the satirist, he simply cuts no one else but himself. In Mr. Hannay's present volume we are agreeably surprised to find some one who, in addition to a good caustic, prose style, can really use the measure of Pope and Dryden with effect. He gives us, it is true, but a short specimen. But this, coupled with the epigrams that are scattered up and down, shows such a mastery of metre, and such true satiric force, that it makes us wish for more. And yet, whilst saying this, we doubt whether Mr. Hannay is fitted for the task of being the satirist of the age. Thackeray wasted himself in sarcasms upon footmandom and the letter H. Mr. Hannay seems bent upon following his example. He never rises with the occasion. Though an Englishman in his reverence for the Constitution, he is a perfect American in his love for ancestry. He can never reach the *stemmata quid faciunt* strain. With him the red hand and the blue blood make the hero. He could not admire an angel unless he was called Seymour or Percy. Only the grasshoppers are his friends. Nor does he at all understand, much more appreciate, the great movements of the day, nor any of those things which redeem us from the charge of utter frivolity. He hates Democracy. Demus is to him as greasy as to Aristophanes, and the man from the ranks is to him never more than a "sausage-seller." In religion he aims no higher than breaking such a moth as Dr. Guthrie on the wheel; in politics, than bringing down such small game, or rather vermin, as obscure Chartists, or obscurer Scotch journalists.

This will never make, in the true sense of the word, a satirist. He must take far higher flights, and survey mankind from a higher ground, and feel something of that indignation which fired Juvenal and our own Pope. As it is, Mr. Hannay is too personal in his attacks, too ephemeral in his aims. Further, to borrow a metaphor from the prize-ring, he hits in a free slashing style, but it belongs too much to the old Gifford and Churchill school. He has not the science and neatness which Thackeray especially cultivated. The latter seemed always boxing with gloves on; the other two always hit with their naked fists, and sometimes even kick. And yet Mr. Hannay possesses advantages over his great contempory. He never degenerates, as such masters as even Molière and Aristophanes, into mere farce. He possesses, too, what Thackeray in his best moment never had, a genuine vein of poetry, and so fulfils one of the high conditions of satire. For in satire *urticæ proxima sæpe rosa est*.

We have thus spoken freely both of Mr. Hannay's merits and his shortcomings. If our remarks should give offence—and satirists are as thin-skinned as poets—we shall not be sorry, so long as they goad him into achieving something higher than he has yet achieved. If he will only falsify our forebodings, we shall be only too glad to welcome his success and acknowledge our mistake.

* The Great Schools of England: an Account of the Foundation, Endowments, and Discipline of the Chief Seminaries of Learning in England. By Howard Staunton. With Illustrations. Low & Co.)

* *Characters and Criticisms.* A Book of Miscellanies. By James Hannay. (Nimmo.)

WONDERFUL MEMORIES.

From Chambers's Journal.

As Nature has made strange fellows in her time, we are not surprised that some of her favorites should have been endowed by her with most extraordinary memories. Let us mention a few of these. Seneca says that he could, by the mere effort of his natural memory, repeat two thousand words upon once hearing them. He also mentions Cyneas, King Pyrrhus's ambassador to Rome, who in one day so well learned the names of the people whom he saw that the next day he saluted them all, the senators and all the populace assembled, each by his proper name. Cyrus, according to Pliny, knew every soldier in his army by name, and L. Scipio all the citizens in Rome. Carneades, it is said, could repeat any volume found in the libraries as readily as if he was reading. Mithridates, the king of twenty-two nations, held courts in as many languages, and conversed with each nation in its own tongue. Cardinal Mezzofanti knew so many languages that he might have acted as interpreter-general at the Tower of Babel. Lipsius remembered all the history of Tacitus; Francis Suarez, all St. Augustine's works; Avicenna, all Aristotle's metaphysics. Joseph Scaliger when a young man could repeat above one hundred verses, having once read them, and in the course of a few weeks could repeat the contents of whole books in foreign languages. The German poet Klopstock could repeat Homer from beginning to end; William Lyon, a travelling player, could repeat the whole contents of a newspaper. It is said of Magliabecchi that a gentleman having lent him a manuscript which he was going to print, came to him soon after it was returned, and pretending that he had lost it, desired him to repeat as much of it as he could, upon which Magliabecchi wrote down the whole without missing a word. An Englishman once went to Frederick the Great for the purpose of giving him some specimens of his extraordinary memory. Frederick sent for Voltaire, who read to his majesty a poem which he had just finished. The Englishman was concealed in such a manner as to be able to hear every word that was said. When Voltaire had concluded, Frederick observed that a foreign gentlemen could immediately repeat the same poem to him, and therefore it could not be original. Voltaire listened with astonishment at the stranger's declamation, and then fell into a great rage, and tore the manuscript into pieces. When Frederick informed him of his mistake, the Englishman again dictated to Voltaire the whole poem with perfect correctness.

Morphy and other eminent chess-players have recently given instances of their extraordinary memories. Dr. Wallis tells us that he could by mere effort of memory perform arithmetical calculations, as multiplication, division, extraction of roots, etc., up to forty places. Zerah Colburn, George Bidder, and Jedediah Buxton were also wonderful mental arithmeticians. The last named once mentally calculated how much a farthing doubled 140 times would come to, and the answer was set down from his lips in 39 places of pounds and an odd 2s. 6d.; and being once asked how many barleycorns would reach eight miles, answered in 1½ minutes 1,520,640. Sir Walter Scott had a marvellously retentive memory; so had Macaulay, who, it is said, could repeat from memory the whole of *Paradise Lost*. In the stirring days of Athenian political greatness, men could be found who could repeat the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; and we have read of a man in Naples who could repeat the whole of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, and not only recite it consecutively, but repeat any stanza in any given book, repeat those stanzas in utter defiance of the sense either backwards or forwards, or from the 8th to the 1st line alternately. We have heard of several persons (notably the late Blind Jamie of Stirling) who could repeat the whole of the Bible, or any required chapter or verse of it. There are besides dozens of living persons with most marvellous memories, the chief of whom is perhaps Mr. Elihu Burritt, the Mezzofanti of the present day.

Now all these are instances of extraordinary memories given by Nature, although they may have been improved by cultivation and practice. That Nature's efforts can be assisted is plain in this as in other cases; and as a good memory has at all times been considered advantageous to its possessor, it is not to be wondered at that attempts should at different times have been made to cultivate and improve it. It is now an art, and indeed has been so for a couple of thousand years. The art is said to have been discovered about 500 B. C. by the poet Simonides, who was once, as the story tells us, employed by Scopias, a rich Thessalian nobleman, to compose a song in commemoration of a victory gained by the latter at the Olympian games; a banquet being given by Scopias in honor of the occasion, to which Simonides was invited. During the feast, a message was brought to the poet that there was a young man at the gate anxious to see him. When he went out, he found no one; but while engaged in the search, the house which he had just left fell down, killing Scopias and all that were with him. The bodies were so mutilated that they could not be recognised; but Simonides, by calling to mind the place that each had occupied at the feast, was able to distinguish them; hence his attention was attracted to the important aid afforded to memory by local association and the observation of material objects. This plan was subsequently much practised among the Romans. Cicero says: "Such are the effects of local situations in recalling associated ideas to the mind, that it is not without reason some philosophers have founded on this principle a species of artificial memory." It would even appear from the accounts which have been handed down to us, that the ancient orators were in the habit of connecting in their minds the different parts of a speech with the different parts of the building in which they were delivered; and this association of mental with material objects is the leading principle upon which the art of memory is founded at the present day. Some hundreds of works on this art have been published in this and foreign countries, and mnemonics has at times been so much studied as to amount almost to a mania. In 1811, Feinaigle, a German lecturer, gave illustrations of mnemonics at the Royal Institution, and astonished a good number of his hearers by the apparently extraordinary memories of himself and pupils. Then the art of memory died out of public favor.

THE DRINKING FOUNTAINS OF LONDON.

The work of providing the city of London with drinking fountains is going forward energetically, chiefly through the efforts of an association of which Mr. Samuel Gurney, M.P., is president, though a worthy emulation has been excited among private citizens. By the former ninety-one have been erected, and by the latter thirty or forty more. Provision has also been made to some extent for thirsty animals. A meeting of the association was held a few days ago to hear what has been accomplished in the past year.

The committee earnestly appealed for help to enable them to multiply the present number of drinking fountains and troughs for animals, believing that nothing could more materially tend to the health of the community at large. The chairman said there were three points in connection with the society whose claims they had met to advocate and support, to which he should like to allude, viz., what it had done, what it desired to do, and the means which it required to accomplish the desired object. With respect to what the society had done, they had heard in the report that little more than six years ago there was not a single street drinking-fountain in London, and that the only free supplies of water were to be obtained at the pumps, which were few in number, scattered at great distances from each other, situated often in out-of-the-way courts and alleys, and the water of which, while it quenched the thirst, was in many cases little better than liquid poison. The society had done a great deal towards remedying this state of things. Eighty-nine drinking-fountains had been opened when the report was written, and two had been erected since. Many of these were situated in the leading thoroughfares of the metropolis, in the very heart of its traffic, dust, and heat. The society had not only made this large provision for the wants of the itinerant poor, but it had also so educated the public mind on the subject that many fountains had been erected by private individuals, who probably would not have discovered this new channel for their benevolence had it not been for the prior operations of this association. So that he thought the society might fairly lay claim to have given the thirsty thousands of London from 120 to 130 drinking-fountains, where they might obtain water day and night without money and without price. Nor had the operations of the society been confined to making provisions for the wants of mankind. So far as the funds would allow, the society had sought to alleviate the sufferings of those dumb creatures which administered to man's comfort and shared man's toil. A large number of troughs for dogs, and five large troughs for horses, sheep, and oxen had been erected, which, although in great disproportion to the wants of the metropolis, were still the beginning of a good work, and he trusted but the forerunner of a host. What the society wanted to do was to multiply these fountains and troughs, so that there should be no necessity for either man or beast to suffer from thirst in the streets of London.

NEW ENGLAND POLITICS AND GOSSIP.

Special Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.

NIAGARA FALLS, July 14.

THE BOSTON "RADICAL CLUB."

Some one said he always read Wendell Phillips's speeches to get the latest news. It might, I imagine, be found a still better plan to attend the Saturday afternoon dinners of what is popularly known in Boston as "Frank Bird's Radical Club." This is an informal little organization, which had its origin years ago in a suggestion by Mr. F. W. Bird, and which holds weekly meetings in a private room at Parker's Hotel, over a well-spread dinner-table, where Mr. Bird still presides. Here, in past times, resistance to the Fugitive Slave law used to come on with the meats; and John Brown and the dessert were discussed together, with a consolatory cup of coffee or glass of champagne to wash down both. Members of the "healthy political organizations" used to look with horror on this little "political junta," where treason was held to be as common a dish as roast-beef, and where the cloud from the fragrant after-dinner Havanas was but the blackness from which the fanatical tempest was to burst forth—unless the "healthy political organizations" prevented.

Here one might expect, almost any Saturday during a recess of Congress, to meet Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, with Representatives Gooch, Boutwell, and others. Gov. Andrew was generally in the gathering of the faithful; Major Stearns was always, and John M. Forbes not unfrequently, to be seen; Emerson sometimes looked in; Charles W. Slack, F. B. Sanborn, Wm. Endicott, and a dozen others of the younger radicals were regular attendants. What remonstrances to the President, and demands upon Senators, and appeals to the people, and calls for meetings in Faneuil Hall have been prepared over that table! What plans for changes in the Cabinet have been concocted here; what schemes for agitation; what multiform devices for "pressure," that have led politicians to curse the very name of the much-inventing Yankees! Thurlow Weed's rooms at the Astor House have been spoken of as the mysterious chambers whence came the decrees that governed the politics of New York and shaped those of the Nation. But around this long table in the private dining-room at Parker's have gathered men who sent out an influence more far-reaching, and in the end more potential. To their credit let it be added, they never used that influence save for high ends, and rarely vitiated it by any schemes for mere personal advancement.

Sumner and Wilson were in their old places last Saturday, at Bird's right and left; George L. Stearns was there; Gov. Andrew was in New York, and a member of his staff took his place; a dozen of the younger Radicals and working politicians were gathered about the table. Shrewd, practical men they all looked—certainly not "one-idea" men in appearance, and the income returns bear ample testimony that several of them have had ideas to some purpose on other subjects besides politics. It may be reassuring, too, to some timorous Western newspapers to know that there was not a "long-haired" man in their number.

"There," said Bird, in a whisper, pointing out one of the guests, "there is the next Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts;" for they have "slates" here, too, and make up their tickets far in advance. "Is that your article on Port Royal, just out in the July *North American*?" another was asked. "No, indeed. I said all I had to say some time ago in the *Atlantic*. Port Royal is getting wonderfully written up, of late."

Then came talk of the new paper in New York, and Major Stearns was jocosely called on to tell how the *Nation* was paying; the position of Seward and two or three others on Negro Suffrage was discussed; Johnson's policy was criticized, and the private news from the capital canvassed. I had just come from Washington myself, and fancied that I knew what was going on there; but more of what may be called pure personal politics—the positions and sayings of individual men—and the hopes and fears of the Radicals thereon, could be learned here in an hour, than there in a day.

WHAT BOSTON RADICALS SAY OF NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

Here, and indeed everywhere in Boston, those technically known as the "Radicals," were buoyant with hope. They had just been having a Negro Suffrage meeting in Faneuil Hall, presided over by an old Conservative of the Conservatives—Prof. Parsons, addressed by a Conservative—Richard H. Dana, Jr., and largely made up of Conservatives who have heretofore held aloof from everything that had the smell of Radicalism upon its garments. "The fact is," said an Abolitionist of thirty years' standing, "we meet no organized opposition. The *Traveller* and *Transcript* are with us. The *Journal*, which is always cautious, is with us. The *Advertiser*, "the respectable daily," which never did a radical thing in its life, is with us. We have every paper in Boston but the *Post*, and haven't any complaints to make of it. So all we have to do is to arrange for the meetings and petitions, and then stand back and let the old Conservatives do the work."

"Here's our address to the President," he continued. "It was written by that inveterate old Hunker, as we used to think him, Prof. Parsons, of the Harvard Law School. The first signature to it is that of a retired banker, whose income last year was reported at half a million, and whose name has always been a tower of Conservatism and a terror to Abolitionists. It will be signed by nearly all the gilt-edged names in Boston business. We'll take back seats, and modestly come in at the close!"

It may be interesting to know that Boston politicians count New England as practically solid for Negro Suffrage, or, in default of that, for great delays in restoring political power to the rebel communities. They speak of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, as the four States that must settle the matter. AGATE.

CHARLES WATERTON.

From the Athenæum.

On 26th May, died, at the advanced age of eighty-three, and at his residence, Walton Hall, Yorkshire, Charles Waterton, Esq., best known to most of our readers as "the man who rode an alligator to death." He was a racy writer, and at once became popular when he first appeared before the public as author of "Wanderings in South America, the North-west of the United States, and the Antilles, in the years 1812-1824." In this book, which has prompted many a young naturalist to explore the unknown wilds of the New World, he gave a faithful account of Guiana and parts of Brazil, which at that time had scarcely been trodden by the foot of a European traveller. He subsequently contributed well-written articles to various periodicals, especially to those conducted by the late Mr. Loudon, and, we believe, almost to the time of his death he sent occasional contributions to the *Gardener's Chronicle*. Some of these were republished under the title of "Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology," and to them he appended a portrait and a humorously written autobiography. Waterton's writings relate his observation on the habits of animals, with clever remarks and anecdotes about them. But the very thing that made him an excellent chronicler of animal life—his raciness—disqualified him from producing such monographs on genera, or whole tribes of animals, as we are wont to get from the pen of Gray, Owen, Sclater, and other leading naturalists. The niche which will ultimately be assigned to his name in the temple of fame will be rather an obscure one, and he will go down to posterity rather as a good field naturalist than a genuine man of science.

Charles Waterton was the head of an old Roman Catholic family, descended on his father's side in a direct line (through his grandmother) from Sir Thomas More. On his mother's side he was related to the Bedingfields of Oxbury, to the Charletons of Nazleside, and to the Swinburnes of Chapheaton. He received his education at the College of the Jesuits, Stonyhurst, Lancashire; and the tendencies which he imbibed at that institution until he came of age were allowed to creep out on occasions and in places where they had better not have done so. He was, perhaps, the best stuffer of animals, especially birds, in the world, and at Walton Hall he had a fine museum, to some of the most ugly animals of which the names of prominent Protestant reformers were attached; and one gorilla was made to resemble Martin Luther. All this savage humor may have shocked many of his visitors, but he evidently intended it for nothing but a joke. He was simple, almost childlike, in his manners, but indulged in occasional fits of eccentricity, furnishing ample materials for the anecdotes told about him. He was most abstemious in his habits, and when eighty years of age he could yet walk fifteen or twenty miles to see a friend. Walton Hall, his family seat, stands on an island in a lake, and derives interest from the fact of having stood a siege in the Royalist cause during the time of Charles the First. The land rises gently from the water on all sides, and is crowned with fine timber. The whole park is enclosed by a formidable wall to protect the numerous pets which the late owner had collected around him. Birds, beasts, and fishes were allowed to range undisturbed in this domain, and were never allowed to be destroyed. It was whilst watching some of these on a rustic bridge that he had a fall which terminated fatally. He was an elegant Latin scholar, and long ago he wrote his epitaph in that language, a translation of which runs thus: "Pray for the soul of Charles Waterton, born June, 1782, died 18—, whose wearied bones rest here." His funeral is to be strictly private; and the Pope is understood to have availed himself of the telegraph to transmit his benediction.

THE ACADEMY PICTURES.

To descant upon every contributor to the exhibition would be a great waste of time and space. The days when Huntingdon, Durand, Hicks, Gray, and their contemporaries were great men are, fortunately for art, numbered with the dead, and we have no disposition whatever to breathe a suspicion of life into their decaying bones. Neither are we of those who worship at the shrine of Bierstadt and Church, though both these men are very clever in their way. Church's "Niagara" is an admirable painting, but there is a great fall between this and his other works. Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains" is a very pretty picture; so is Church's "Heart of the Andes," but we know perfectly well that neither the actual Rocky Mountains nor the Andes are pretty, and we feel morally certain that both these American celebrities are compositions. Besides not being fine artistically, they are not faithful transcripts of nature, and hence lead a believing public astray. According to canvas the "Heart of the Andes" is a mass of very "sweet" detail, without the faintest suggestion of dignity or grandeur. Having a great respect for the Andes as made by Nature, we have no respect for the *want of heart* with which the subject has been treated by Mr. Church. A similar criticism might be made on the Rocky Mountains, though the absence of sincerity is not manifested to nearly the same extent. With both Church and Bierstadt, painting is a capital trade. In the present exhibition, Mr. Church has a "Twilight" which is unworthy of him, and therefore unworthy of notice. Mr. Bierstadt exposes two works—"The Golden Gate, Cal," and "Yo Semite Valley, Cal." The latter occupies the most conspicuous place on the Academy's walls. It is a very large, very yellow, and very theatrical. We should call it very fine scene painting. The general public never can recover from the effects of a big canvas, and hence the "Yo Semite Valley" is a very popular picture. It is creditable, however, to New York critics that, in spite of the fashionable reputation of these two artists, few have been blind enough to accord them any great amount of praise. Once upon a time, and not so very long ago either, Hiram Powers was considered by Americans to be the greatest sculptor of the age, and his "Greek Slave" the beau ideal of nineteenth century plastic art. But with the increase of artistic intelligence, Mr. Powers' reputation as a sculptor has sunk even lower than its proper level, for few are willing to allow his exceeding cleverness in portrait busts. The fate of Powers will one day be that of Church and Bierstadt. Extremes meet so quickly in America as to be little less than frightful collisions.—*Cor. Boston Advertiser.*

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF BLUMENBACH.

From the London Review.

The name of Blumenbach must always be held in veneration by students of Anthropology, as that of the naturalist who first established their science on a philosophic basis, and gave form and precision to what before his advent consisted only of a mass of ideas more or less vague and indefinite. He was the first who comprehended the importance and significance of the form of the cranium and its proportion to the face, and adopted it as the groundwork of his classification. It is to Blumenbach that we are indebted for the world-famous separation of mankind into five principal varieties—the Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American, and Malay—an arrangement which still maintains its ground, and which, based as it is on the widest divergencies in the general formation of the head and face, can never be wholly obsolete or superseded, whatever the rectifications or subdivisions it may be destined to undergo. The works of Blumenbach edited in this volume are his famous treatise "On the Natural Variety of Mankind," first published in 1775; the "Contributions to Natural History," in two parts—with the exception of the last section on Egyptian mummies; and a slight notice of three skulls which appeared in the *Göttingisch gelehrte Anzeigen* of November, 1833, only remarkable for being the last printed utterance of the author. Two memoirs of Blumenbach, one by Marx and the other by Flaurens, have been prefixed, which together contain most of the circumstances and events of his life at all interesting or note-worthy. A catalogue and description of his once celebrated anthropological collection, written by his successor, Professor Rudolph Wagner, now himself lately deceased, are also appended. Blumenbach's great merits as an anatomist and physiologist, as an indefatigable observer and patient chronicler of facts, are too well known to require pointing out. He combined in an unusual degree industry with genius, and here we find the secret of his great success as a teacher. In his pocket-book was found the following memorandum:

"Although I have been many years now delivering lectures, still up to this time I have never once been into the lecture-room without having prepared myself afresh, because I know from experience how much injury many teachers have done to themselves by considering as unnecessary these perpetual preparations for lectures which they have read already twenty times and more."

Hunter's "Inaugural Dissertation" is rather curious than valuable, and its author must not be confounded with the celebrated surgeon of that name. The principal interest attaching to it arises from the fact that it was published in Edinburgh in the same year (1775) as the more famous work of Blumenbach, and a month or two before that work appeared at Göttingen.

SAYINGS OF NAPOLEON FIRST.

To a general officer not eminently distinguished, who solicited from the Emperor a Marshal's baton, he said: "It is not I that make marshals; it is victories."

On hearing the first gun at Friedland, he exclaimed, "Soldiers! It is an auspicious day. It is the anniversary of Marengo."

To a troop of artillery which had failed in their duty, he said: "This flag which you have basely deserted shall be placed in the Temple of Mars, covered with crape. Your corps is disbanded."

He presented Moreau, on one occasion, with a magnificent pair of pistols as a *cadeau*. "I intended," said he, "to have got the names of your victories engraved upon them, but there was not room for them."

A sentinel, who allowed Gen. Joubert to enter Napoleon's tent without giving the password, was brought before him: "Go," said he, "the man who forced the Tyrol may well force a sentinel."

On catching the first sight of the Mamelukes, drawn up in order of battle on the banks of the Nile, in view of the Pyramids, Bonaparte, riding before the ranks, cried: "Soldiers! from the summits of yonder Pyramids, forty generations look down upon you."

The 4th Regiment of the line on one occasion lost its eagle. "What have you done with your eagle?" asked Napoleon. "A regiment that loses its eagle has lost all. Yes; but I see two standards that you have taken. Tis well," continued he, with a smile, "you shall have another eagle."

On the field of Austerlitz, a young Russian officer, taken prisoner, was brought before him. "Sire," said he, "let me be shot. I have suffered my guns to be taken." "Young man," was the reply, "be consoled. Those who are conquered by my soldiers may still have titles to glory."

GOOD ADVICE TO JOHN BULL.—Let me add one word to those who are giving us the advice and admonition upon this subject to which I have before referred. It is this—that if they really do not desire to see Jefferson Davis and Gen. Lee hanged, they will do well to cease their endeavors to teach our Government and our people what it becomes them to do in this matter. Only the other day a lady in whom I am somewhat interested, and who, although she looks not very like Mentor or Minerva, sometimes deems herself responsible for the daily revolution of the earth upon its axis, undertook to reprove a stringe little boy for some peccadillo. Whereupon another little boy who was by, one in whom also I am supposed (but quite erroneously, I assure you) to be interested, began to fidget and to hop up and down like a hen on a hot griddle, and when the lady turned from her task he said, dropping out his words with a shy sauciness that relieved them of all disrespectfulness, "Ma—ma, ma—ma, why—don't—you—mind—your—own—business? You're not that little boy's mamma, and he'll only go and do it more." Now to be tempted by impertinent admonition to "go and do it more" may be a proof of great degeneracy, but still I confess to you that although we should not yield, advice such as that we are now receiving does offer us a temptation or provocation.—*Am. Cor. of the London Spectator.*

ABOUT SERVANTS.